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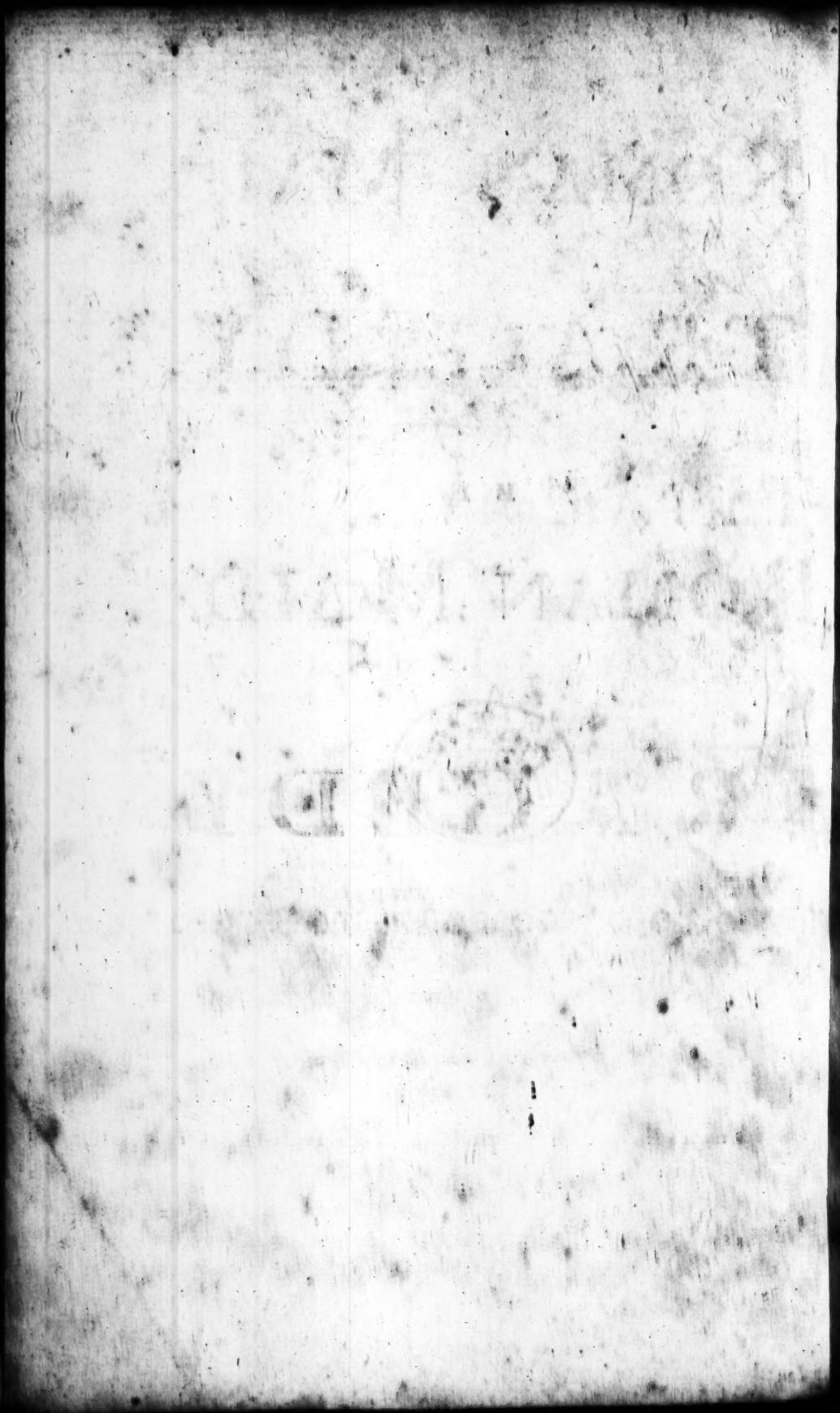
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8 Aug. 1762



THE  
ROMAN MAID.  
A  
TRAGEDY.





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—  
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THE  
ROMAN MAID.  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is acted at the  
THEATRE ROYAL  
IN  
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

---

Written by Mr. HURST.

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*Duris ut Ilex tonsa bipennibus,  
Nigra feraci Frondis in Algido,  
Per Damna, per Cedes ad Ipso  
Ducit Opes, Animumque Ferro. HOR.*

*Gratior et pulchro veniens in Corpore Virtus.  
VIRG.*

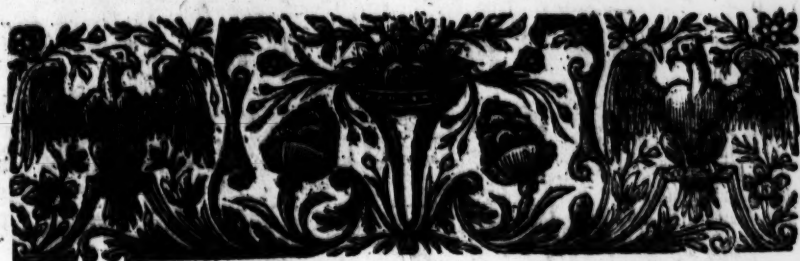
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LONDON:

Printed for GEORGE STRAHAN, at the Golden Ball over-against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1735.

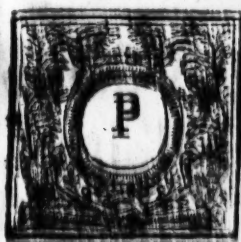
JOHN H. MARY





TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
LADY WALPOLE.

MADAM,



ERMIT me to shelter under the Protection of so Great a Name the following TRAGEDY, which, tho' unworthy of that Honour, may, in it self, as to the Subject of the  
POEM,



## ii DEDICATION.

P O E M, be humbly deem'd an  
Offering not improper to be laid  
at Your *Ladyship's* Feet.

IT is with the deepest Awe  
and Veneration, that I venture  
to approach Your *Ladyship* after  
such a Manner, on this Occasion,  
nor have I any other Glimpse,  
or Hope of Pardon, for my Pre-  
sumption, than what may arise  
from an humble Reliance upon  
Your *Ladyship's* Indulgent Le-  
nity and Goodness.

For my Excuse and Vindica-  
tion to the World, in so doing, I  
may modestly plead, and with  
Justice demand, where I could  
seek a more *Noble Patroness*? Or  
how better address the Character  
of

## DEDICATION.      iii

of a *Roman Maid*, celebrated in *History* for her *Beauty*, *Piety*, *Constancy*, her unblemish'd strict and exalted *Virtue*, than to that very Person of *High-Rank* and *Quality* of her own *Sex* in whom all those Excellencies particularly shine and are distinguished.

With what Pleasure, therefore, must her *Native Country* behold a *Lady* adorn'd with such amiable and great Accomplishments, so nearly and so happily allied to a *Family* eminently conspicuous, and deservedly applauded by Mankind in the *Common-wealth* of Letters, being all known Encouragers of Learning and Ingenuity, and ready Promoters of laudable and industrious Designs and Endeavours.      A

#### iv DEDICATION.

A *Family* that stands Recorded, and shall shine with the purest Lustre and Glory in the *British Annals* to all Posterity, where the Name of **WALPOLE** shall be ever read and talk'd of, with the same Admiration, Delight and Praise, as those of *Cato*, *Tully*, and *Lycurgus* in the most remarkably bright and noble Instances in the *Greek* or *Roman* Story.

Gladly would I expatiate on a *Subject* so copious, and a *Theme* so pleasing ; but am too sensible, both of my own Inability to pursue it, as it deserves, and that I have trespass'd too long upon Your Patience already ; If what with the most profound Respect  
and



# DEDICATION. V

and Submission I now humbly  
beg Your *Ladyship's* Acceptance  
of, may be honoured with Your  
Perusal, or in any-wise contri-  
bute to Your Entertainment, as  
the Amusement of an Unbend-  
ing Hour, it will amply satisfy  
the Ambition, and render com-  
pleat the Wishes of,

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's*

*Most Devoted,*

*Most Obedient, and*

*Most Humble Servant.*

ROBERT HURST.

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BONEME.



*THE Tragic-Muse, rich in Immortal Fame,  
When she designs some grand, or lofty Theme,  
Does from the Shades her slumb'ring Heroes  
claim.*

*They hear! — The Tombs unlock! — And to your Eyes  
In awful State, the Forms majestic rise!  
And then, perhaps, some Patriot wise and good,  
That Faction's Rage and Envy long withstood,  
O'erborn at last, in a lamented Hour,  
A Victim falls to some proud Tyrant's Pow'r.*

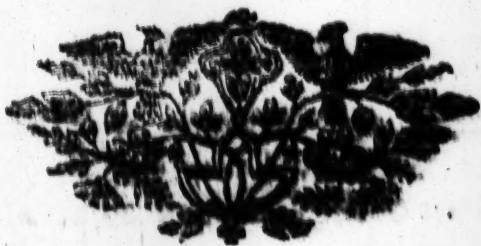
*Or a vile Statesman, impious, base and bold,  
Betrays his Country, Prince, and Trust, for Gold.  
Thus hardn'd, plots t' o'erturn a free-born State,  
'Till justly doom'd he meets a dreadful Fate,  
The Sons of Liberty applaud the Deed,  
And ever joy to see a Traitor bleed!*

*In milder Strokes, our Author aims to paint,  
To Night, a Christian-Heroine and a Saint,  
A Maid, that stands unshock'd in Storms of Woe,  
And bravely dares the worst that Fate can do,*

## PROLOGUE.

In the gay Bloom of Life and Warmth of Youth,  
She flies an Emperor for the Sake of Truth,  
Yet greatly loves! As greatly can look down,  
And scorn the strong Temptations of a Crown!  
In her, Religion boasts more Charms to move,  
Than Thrones, Than Empires, and the Joys of Love.

To Fair! With soft Compassion view the Dame!  
Such suffering Goodness may Attention claim,  
And tho' our Author in this plain Essay,  
Boasts not a Master-piece, or finish'd Play,  
Yet in those Lines, tho' faint, he has express'd  
The noblest Fires e'er warm'd a Female Breast,  
With Favour then, on his first Offering smile,  
Indulge his Numbers, and approve his Toil,  
Tis for your Sex he chiefly aims to please,  
And pants to gain that Honour by Degrees,  
Now rests assur'd you will your Frowns forbear,  
Tis the darling Passion of the Fair,  
Nor can such beauteous Judges be severe.





# Dramatis Persona.

## MEN.

<i>Dioclesian</i> , Emperor of <i>Rome</i>	Mr. <i>Ogden</i> .
<i>Galerius Caesar</i> , his Associate in the Empire	Mr. <i>Walker</i> .
<i>Carus</i> , his Friend	Mr. <i>Hulett</i> .
<i>Maximus</i> , an Officer in the Court	Mr. <i>Huddy</i> .
<i>Paulinus</i> , a <i>Roman</i> General	Mr. <i>Boheme</i> .
A <i>Christian</i> Hermit	Mr. <i>Lee</i> .

## WOMEN.

<i>Serena</i> , Wife to <i>Dioclesian</i>	Mrs. <i>Plomer</i> .
<i>Paulina</i> , Daughter to <i>Paulinus</i>	Mrs. <i>Moffett</i> .
<i>Camilla</i> , Sister to <i>Dioclesian</i>	Mrs. <i>Parker</i> .
<i>Lucilia</i> , Confidant to <i>Paulina</i>	Mrs. <i>Butcher</i> .

*Priests, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

## S C E N E.

The Palace and Gardens of *Dioclesian* near  
*Rome*, with the Temple of *Vesta* adjoining  
and Part of the Country adjacent.



THE  
ROMAN MAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Carus, Maximus.



HANKS to the Gods! The  
cheerful, roſie Morn  
Thro' the blue Fields of Air,  
ſpreads all her Charms,  
And ſmiling leads the Day!  
The joyful Day,

at back to *Rome* reſtores her lov'd *Galerius*,  
crowns the Glories of great *Diocleſian*;  
This laſt Exploit, this dreadful Overthrow  
of *Narſes*, ſhall conclude the bloody Strife  
War, and give the harraſs'd World reſoſe.

B

*Max.*

*Max.* Well has *Galerius* oppos'd the Fury,  
And scourg'd the Pride of these rude, fierce Bar-  
(barians,

Well has he drawn the Sword, and well reveng'd  
The Cause of *Rome*, the Gods, and all Mankind.

*Car.* 'Tis, therefore, on this Day, that *Dio-*  
(clesian

Declares him his Associate in the Empire,  
And, from his own Imperial Brow, divides  
His Lawrels with *Galerius*, exulting *Rome*,  
And Nations numberless applaud his Choice,  
Thus, Thus, they cry, long live great *Dioclesian*.  
Long live the gallant Partner of his Throne!  
Long live *Galerius*!

*Max.* And to compleat  
His Joys, and fill his Soul with perfect Bliss,  
Our Emperor, who propitious as a God,  
Show's down his Royal Favours on his Friend  
Gives to his Arms, this very Night, *Camilla*,  
His beauteous Sister, deem'd a Prize by *Rome*  
Of as rich Value as his Throne and Empire.

*Car.* But know! Within these Walls resides  
(Male

Of Form celestial! Exquisite of Feature!  
Radiant and fair as pure *Aetherial Light*!  
Gentle as blooming Innocence! And soft!  
Soft as a vernal Morn, when cooling Breezes  
Fan ev'ry smiling Flower and odorous Plant  
Sparkling with Dew, just op'ning all their Sweet  
Most grateful Incense to the God of Day!  
She charms *Galerius* now, his love-sick Soul  
Pants after her, and languishes for Beauty!  
But from the Fair, cold as the chaste *Vestal*,  
Ne'er met the least Return.

MAN



## The ROMAN MAID.

3

*Max.* Full oft I've noted

The Temper of *Galerius*, in the Field,  
He's brave, fierce, dreadful as the God of War,  
In Courts he's gentle, affable and Mild,  
And for the softer Passions bears a Soul  
Too apt to take Impression — *Carus*, declare  
What happy Maid — Say, who's this lovely  
(Charmer?

I have been long a Stranger to the Court,  
And lately in the Post I now enjoy,  
By fair *Camilla's* Interest fix'd and vested.

*Car.* Thou art in Friendship and in Blood ally'd  
Most nearly to me. Might I safely then  
Lodge in thy Breast a secret?

*Max.* Frankly do it,  
Perdition blast me, shou'd I e'er divulge it.

*Car.* Thou knew'st *Paulinus*, sure, the great  
(*Patrician*,  
Disgrac'd at Court, and banish'd from the City,  
The Cause unknown

*Max.* He was my General.

*Car.* Thou must remember, too, he had a  
(Daughter

Of tender Years, the fair *Paulina* call'd,  
A blooming Beauty of uncommon Wit  
And Excellence, chief Darling of his Soul,  
And Solace of his Woes! Long to and fro  
They wander'd, 'till at length *Paulinus* chose  
A pleasant *Villa* on the winding Banks  
Of cool *Meander*, for his Residence,  
A while, there undisturb'd in *Halcyon* calm,  
In sweet Tranquillity and Ease he liv'd!  
But soon the Trumpet sounds! Th' approaching  
(Thunder  
Of

## The ROMAN MAID.

Of War at once broke up the flattering Scene,  
And from his lov'd Retreat reluctant forc'd him—

*Max.* Curse on his Name! Confusion e'er at-  
tend him! [*Aside*]

*Car.* Regard'st thou, *Maximus*!

*Max.* I do proceed!

*Car.* *Galerius*, with the Legions then in *Thrace*,  
Pass'd over into *Asia*, and defeated  
Th' invasive Foe in a sharp, bloody Conflict,  
*Narses* o'erthrown, and all the *East* now freed,  
The Conqueror entred *Ephesus* in Triumph,  
To view the Temple of the Virgin Goddess,  
And blest th' Immortal Powers, that crown'd hi  
(Arm

With Conquest and Renown, among the Nations  
That swarm'd o'er-joy'd to pay their grateful Ho  
(mage

*Paulinus* came and his fair Daughter with him,  
Or to salute, or supplicate the Emperor;  
At the first View, the Lustre of her Eyes  
Shot all their burning Fires into his Soul,  
Seal'd her great Father's Pardon, and procur'd  
An ample Condescension to their Suit,

—What need I more!— Both are recall'd to  
From Exile to Preferment, and *Paulina*, (*Rome*)  
With our fair Empress plac'd, enjoys the Smiles  
Th' Esteem and Favour of her Royal Mistress,  
Without a Rival or Reserve—— But heark!

[*Flourish*]

These Trumpets speak the Emperor's near Ap

*Max.* *Galerius* is arriv'd! [*proach*—  
We must attend.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A magnificent Gallery.*

Dioclesian, Galerius, Maximus, Carus, *Guards and Attendants.*

*Long Flourish, Trumpets and Kettle-Drums.]*

**Dio.** Thou Part'ner in our Throne ! Thou Brother of my Soul !  
Thrice welcome to my Arms, thou best of Friends !  
Say, what Return of Gratitude ! Of Triumphs,  
Can *Rome*, can *Dioclesian* make to thee,  
For Battles bravely fought, for Provinces,  
Whole Provinces redeem'd, and Nations sav'd  
From swift Destruction and impending Ruin !  
That with one Voice, one Heart, to Heav'n exalt  
The Praises of their Godlike, great Deliverer !  
Accept my Thanks unfeign'd ! But more, accept  
An equal Share of all our Power and Glory  
Due to thy Merit ! Associate in our Empire,  
The World thou hast protect'd, thou shalt govern.  
**Gal.** Great *Dioclesian* ! O my Royal Master !  
I have ought achiev'd, Or gladly dar'd,  
With deserv'd Success your prosperous Arms  
Be crown'd, next to th' Immortal Gods, all Praise  
(is due

To those brave Leaders and th' Intrepid Troops,  
That under your auspicious Influence,  
Led to Battle, Victory and Honour.

—What need I other Proof ? The Tolls they bore,  
The Dangers they surmounted, and the Scars,  
The honest Scars, their Breasts and Faces wear,  
May satisfy the World they fought like *Romans*.

—For

—For me, whilst I have Being, whilst a Pulse  
 Shall beat, this Heart shall heave, or Blood shall  
 Deep grafted in my Soul, I shall retain (flow,  
 A grateful Sense of all your Royal Bounties,  
 But this last wond'rous Act, this godlike Grant  
 Of Empire, of a Throne and Diadem, (press  
 What Pen can paint? What Language can ex-  
*Dis.* Enough! We ask no more! The dreadful  
 (Tumult

Of War is o'er, the gleaming Blaze of Arms  
 Flashes no longer on th' affrighted Earth—,  
 But all's serene around, all hush'd to Peace;  
 Now turn thy Eyes, and lo! Another Scene  
 Of homebred Mischief opens to thy View,  
 Where thou may'st see infatuated Zeal,  
 Delusion and Enthusiasm strive  
 T'outrival old Religion, and ev'n threaten  
 The downfall of our Temples, quite to silence  
 Our Oracles, and overthrow our Altars,  
 Our Pomp, our antient Rites and Sacrifice,  
 The Worship of the Gods of our Forefathers,  
 Our mighty Ancestors, which impious they  
 Pronounce absur'd Idolatry and Priestcraft.  
 A Tribe of outcast *Jews* and *Greeks*, call'd *Christians*

Now more and more infest and swarm in *Rome*  
 And from Affection to their kindred Gods,  
 Strangely seduce, and draw the *Roman* People.

*Car.* I like no Innovations in Religion,  
 Which numerous, wild Disorders oft attend,  
 Produce Commotions, Feuds and dangerous Mis-  
 (chief  
 And that, perhaps, may this new Sect now aim at  
 Yet



Yet, have I heard they justly were accounted  
Obedient and submissive to our Laws,  
Not restless, turbulent or prone to Faction,  
No busy Medlers in Affairs of State,  
To sow Dissention or embroil a Government,  
And such I needs must deem the best of Subjects.

*Dis.* Now, by the Gods, 'tis rank Hypocrisy!  
Curst Artifice to cloak their real Designs,  
Till ripe and grown compleat for Execution.

—Have not I solemn sworn, and so must thou,  
To root out, and destroy this wicked Sect,  
This Brood of Christians, or renounce the Throne,  
The *Senate*, *Rome* and all her *Gods* require it —  
This stiff-neck'd, stubborn Crew, howe'er before  
Harmless and simple, despicable thought,

Gain Ground too fast upon us, and ev'n now  
Threat'ning the Foundation of our Laws and Empire,  
They boast their written Oracles assure them,  
That *Rome* itself shall one Day own their Power;  
Embrace their Faith, and be their Seat of Grandeur.

—Was it for this our great Fore-fathers toil'd?  
That *Carthage* was o'erturn'd, and *Corinth* flam'd?  
That *Mummius* fought, and *Africanus* conquer'd?  
Was it for this, they lavish'd so much Blood?

Were haughty Kings pull'd down, fierce Nations  
(crush'd,

Proud Cities raz'd, whole Provinces laid Waste,  
To spread the Glory of the *Roman* Name,

And raise the Pile of this prodigious Empire,  
Was it for this? To be at last the Nest

Of superstitious Drones and holy Vermin?

—The Thought distracts my Soul! I cannot  
(bear it —

*Caesar,*

*Cesar*, adieu, we leave you, for a while;  
To ruminate, and ponder our Resolves.

## S C E N E III.

Galerius, Carus. *Attendants.*

*Gal.* Retire! Attend without! I'd be alone!

[*To his Attendants.*]

*Car.* Yet will I stay, some inward Trouble loads

(him)

And struggles for a Passage from his Soul. [*Aside.*]

*Gal.* Am I on this Score then saluted *Cesar*!—

—O Love, relentless Deity! How long  
Must I this painful, hidden Smart endure—

—Ha! *Carus*!

(*Seeing Carus.*)

*Car.* Health and auspicious Days attend my Em-

(peror)

—Still shall I find you thus! Still wrapt in

(Thought)

With folded Arms, with Eyes for ever fix'd  
As riveted to Earth! With all the Symptoms  
Of Discontent and Sadness brooding o'er you!

*Gal.* I'll hide the Cause! Nor shall he know

(my Weakness. [*Aside.*])

Who can reflect on the exalted State  
Of this once mighty Empire, but must grieve,  
Must mourn to see it now so fast declining!  
Who can behold the Genius of old *Rome*  
Sit languishing, and hang his drooping Wings,  
And not be touch'd with Pity and Concern!

O *Italy*! Thou Paradise on Earth!

Thou fruitful Parent of immortal Heroes,

How

# The ROMAN MAID.

9

How are thy Glories fall'n! Where are now  
 Thy tuneful *Maro's*, and thy learned *Tullys*?  
 Thy *Fabij*, *Decij*, and thy bleeding *Cato's*?  
 Where are thy godlike Sons that fought thy Bat-  
 tor publick Good, for Liberty and Virtue! (ties,  
*Car.* I'll sooth these grave Reflections! [*Aside.*

O *Cæsar*, where?

Where are they now indeed! Pride, Sloth, and  
 (Avarice,

Corruption, Faction, Discontent and Hate  
 have poison'd and infected all the Land,  
 Hurst Usurers, publick Cheats, seditious Slaves,  
 Blind Politicians and ambitious Priests,  
 Of Knaves and Fools a vile promiscuous Medley  
 Now wholly overflows the *Roman* Empire,  
 And Gold supplies the Place of every Virtue.

*Gal.* In breathing Brass, or animated Stone,  
 When e'er the Features and majestic Air  
 Of some Immortal, — Godlike Man I vlew,  
 That struggled and restor'd his falling Country,  
 That greatly fall'd, unfortunately brave,  
 Sink down, and perish'd in the mighty Ruin,  
 Ten thousand Passions set my Soul in Flames!  
 Melt with Pity! Burn with Indignation!  
 Glow with Shame! I pant! I long for Glory!  
 Methinks, our very Statues seem to frown,  
 And in dumb Shew, with awful Looks upbraid  
 Their own inglorious and degenerate Offspring.

*Car.* Excellent Prince! Now by my Hope of  
 (Bliss

am charm'd to hear thee talk! O *Cæsar*, O my  
 (Emperor!

C

Be

How

Be as thou art! these Godlike Sentiments  
 Forever cherish in thy gen'rous Breast!  
 Go on! perform thy Duty to thy Country  
 With publick, noble Ardor; leave th' Event  
 To the superior Pow'r and Will of Fate,  
 The happiest live, most lov'd of all Mankind,  
 And dye the most regretted, most lamented,

*Gal.* Take Heed! No Flattery, *Carus*, ——— I'm  
 (unhappy)

*Car.* What wou'd my Emperor! I'm struck  
 (with Wonder)

*Gal.* Let it suffice, Forbear!

*Car.* I must proceed,

—— Can *Cesar* crown'd with fresh, immortal  
 (Laurels)

The Pride the Hope and the Delight of *Rome*,  
 Returning from the bloody Fields of *Thrace*  
 Triumphant, like the glorious God of War,  
 On this blest Day, at such a Time as this,  
 When *Rome* salutes him Lord of all the World,  
 And *Jo Pæans* shake the Capitol,  
 Pronounce himself unhappy, or be thought so?

*Gal.* How easily th' unthinking Croud mistake  
 That form their Judgments by an outward Shew  
 Or on the treach'rous Voice of Fame rely?  
 How oft do they pronounce that very Wretch,  
 The happiest Man alive whose Heart is breaking?

*Car.* Gods, can it be! Has not Prosperity  
 Attended all your Ways, and Victory,  
 From Year to Year, sat smiling on your Banners?  
 You've taught th' inconstant Goddess to be fix'd.  
 Where'er our Eagles spread their conquering Wings,

Where'er



*The ROMAN MAID.*

II

Where'et our Legions bend their dreadful March,  
At our approach, the fiercest Nations aw'd,  
Confess the Glory of the *Roman* Name,  
By you retriev'd, The *Daci* and *Sarmatae*  
Receive our Yoke, Let the *Euphrates* tell  
What heaps of fierce *Barbarians* swell'd his

(Current,

And purpl'd o'er his Silver Streams with Blood,  
When *Narses* fell, The last and worst of all  
The *Persian* Tyrants, Then to compleat your  
After all Dangers and the Toils of War, (Glory,  
From the triumphant Car into the Throne  
You mount at once, with all auspicious Omens,  
Wishes and Vows of *Rome* and all Mankind

—Besides I hear *Camilla*—

*Gal.* Keep thee there!

That Name is Death! It stabs me to the Heart.

*Car.* Alas! what means my Emperor?

*Gal.* I know not. —

Love is an Inconsiderate, Tyrant Passion  
Of Reason, Grandeur, Life it self regardless.

*Car.* And wou'd you blush to own the Power of  
(Love?

Whose genial Fires inform, and rule the Mass  
Of Universal Nature, whose soft Chains  
The Hero and the Slave, the Prince and Peasant  
All wear alike, and bless the charming Thralldom,  
O, from your Breast not rudely chide the God,  
The Injur'd God, who for his Favourite form'd you,  
In all the finish'd Pride of manly Beauty,  
With moving Sighs, and soft persuasive Accents  
To teach the blushing, timorous Maid to love,

And thaw with pleasing warmth the rigid Ice,  
That freezes up the coldest Fair-one's Heart.

*Gal.* Prithee, no more! Forbear to pour fresh  
Into the Flame, That burns it self too fiercely. (O

*Car.* Forgive me then, If my officious Zeal  
Has ventur'd to explore the smother'd Cause  
Of your Disorder, This Injurious Passion  
That wrings your generous Soul, and thus tor  
(ments you

Points at — If I durst name her — Fair *Paulina*  
— I tremble to offend —

*Gal.* *Paulina*, said'st thou —

— Yes *Carus*! O my Friend, why Emperor  
Pines! freezes! burns! raves! languishes and dies  
For this *Paulina*! Why, Ye Immortal Powers,  
Why is it thus? Did not I love *Camilla*?  
I did, most sure I did — Or fondly thought so,  
But never had I then beheld *Paulina*.

*Car.* Must then, this new-born Flame, ju  
(lighted u

Within your noble Breast, extinguish quite  
All Fires that warm'd you from *Camilla's* Eyes?  
What if you tryd? call'd Reason to your Aid?  
Collected all your Strength, and bid Defiance?  
So might, perhaps, the little, wanton God  
That hangs and twines his Arms about your Neck,  
Unloose his hold, and as the softest Down,  
Blown from the Plumes of his own purple Doves,  
Quite vanish, and be lost in empty Air.

*Gal.* Thou aim'st at Counsel, impotent and vain  
The God of Love, with Sway too absolute,  
Scorning all Laws, impatient of Controul,

Will

Will his own Way alone maintain his Empire  
And, we, spite of our selves, must yield Obedience.

*Car.* What hinders then but you espouse the  
(*Charmer* ?

Will not her Veins rich with the Blood Imperial ?  
Will not all *Rome* rejoyce, that such fair Hands  
Aid you to hold, and guide the Reins of Empire  
Whom shou'd you fear, or what ?

*Gal.* *Camilla's* Temper.

Pride and Revenge may urge her to Extreame,  
To such Extreame, as shock my inmost Soul  
But to imagine, — Grant, it prove not so,  
Thou sure must understand, my Power and Interest  
But in the Bud, are not yet rooted deep  
And fast enough, avow'dly to oppose

Great *Dioclesian*, or justify  
(*Sister.*  
Th' Affront and Slight done to his beauteous

*Car.* Mark then, what I advise to fix him yours,  
You know [with what implacable Revenge,  
What dire immortal Hatred, he pursues  
With Torments numberless these wretched Chri-  
(*stians,*

And this Day vows, ne'er more to sheath the  
(*Sword,*

Till from the Face of Earth he has expung'd  
Of their whole Sect the Memory and Race—

*Gal.* Impotent Malice ! By the Gods he can-  
(*not ! —*

*Car.* Hear me ! — I beg with Temper hear  
(*me, Caesar,*

To Cruelty and barbarous Persecution,  
That you're a mortal Foe I'm sensible,

Yet

Yet might you bende a while, as tho' inclin'd  
 To gratify his Humour, 'Twill assuage  
 His present Fierceness—Ever bind him to you,  
 My Life I'll pledge, he frankly then consents  
*Paulina* shall be yours, — Some Method after,  
 In concert with the Empress may arise  
 To countermine his Fury, and prevent  
 The total, destin'd Ruin of the *Christians*.

*Gal.* It shou'd be so—— Well I approve thy  
 (Counsel)

# SCENE IV. *The Palace-Garden*

*Paulina, Lucilia.*

*Paul.* Urge me no more; I shou'd—— I must  
 (avoid him)

*Luc.* Pray be advis'd, Alas! why wou'd you  
 (treat)

A gen'rous, gallant Prince, adorn'd with all  
 The Godlike Qualities, That ever grac'd  
 The noblest Hero, with such cold Indifference!

*Paul.* Will't thou dwell on the same perplexing  
 (Themselves)

For ever and for ever! Dost thou not know  
 My Heart full well,—— It warns me now to shun  
 (him)

'Alas! I fear too late! I should have done so,  
 When crown'd with Laurels and immortal Glory  
 He entred *Ephesus*; Then far from *Rome*,  
 Inglorious Exiles in Obscurity,  
 But sweet Content we pass'd our happy Days,



In the Enjoyment of our blessed Faith,  
The Christian Faith which we embrac'd at *An-*  
(*tioch*,

When, on the sudden, *Narses* like a Torrent,  
Well'd with impetuous Rains and melting Snows,  
Came with a numerous Army, rushing down,  
Mount *Taurus*, breathing Terror, Blood and  
(Slaughter,

When all despairing, and the cruel Sword  
Just pointed at our Breasts, o'erjoy'd we spy'd  
The *Roman* Eagles waving in the Wind,  
And glitt'ring on the Plain, — It was *Galerius*! —  
Thou know'st the Event of that important Day  
The Fate of *Narses* and the *Persian* Empire  
The Conqueror then address'd his Vows to me,  
And talk'd, and look'd, and lov'd with such a  
(Grace,

That, spite of me, my unexperient'd Heart  
Was touch'd, and fondly felt I know not what,  
And more and more still leans to favour him,  
— I own my Weakness! Own I cannot help it,  
Yet, Mistress of my self, I can suppress it,  
Brighter, nobler Flame, The Love of Heav'n  
Wins all my Soul, and triumphs o'er *Galerius*.

*Luc.* And yet, methinks, The Fair-one most  
(reserv'd,

The strictest, most religious of our Sex,  
Might venture to indulge the harmless Freedom  
Of sharing in the Pleasures of a Court,  
Without offending Heav'n, or giving Cause  
Of Censure or Reflection to the gravest.

*Paul.* Alas, thou little know'st the slippery  
The Dangers and Temptations of a Court, (Paths,

Where

Where Gold and Flattery, Luxury and Grandeur  
 Spread all their soft Allurements, to entice  
 Unguarded Innocence and spotless Virtue, —  
 The blooming, harmless Maid transported views  
 At first th' enchanting Paradise around her,  
 Then thoughtless of the Danger that attends,  
 Ventures to tread the flow'ry Labyrinths,  
 Where tempting Baits and deadly Snares are spread  
 Unseen to entangle her, till at the last  
 Malicious Scandal, vile Disgrace and Shame  
 Quite blast her Fame, and ruin her for ever.

So, in a Field, untouch'd the blushing Rose  
 Does the chaste Beauties of her Bloom disclose,  
 While Show'rs refresh, and purest Zephyrs bear  
 It's Sweets around, and scent the balmy Air,  
 It smiles, it triumphs on it's Stalk secure,  
 Charms the glad Smell, and does all Eyes allure,  
 But if a Blight its purple Glories taint,  
 Its Odour's lost, and the gay Colours faint,  
 Fall'n to the Ground, it unregarded lies,  
 And as a worthless Flower obscurely dies.

*End of First Act.*



ACT II

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE a Wood and Hermit's Cave.

*Paulinus, Hermit.*

*Pau.* **T**HIS is the Sum of what our  
 (Daughter should  
 Be well instructed in, This Day *Galerius*  
 Will be saluted *Cesar*, and declar'd  
 Partner in Empire with great *Dioclesian*,  
 I've learnt his Ardent Passion for *Paulina*,  
 Nor is the Love she bears him, tho' conceal'd,  
 With Pain kept down, and smother'd in her Bosom,  
 Less violent and real, This great Occasion  
 Of rescuing, haply, from the Jaws of Death  
 Thousands of miserable Innocents,  
 Professors of our holy Faith, and fixing  
 A Prop and Shelter for their future safeguard,  
 Is not to be neglected.

*Her.* O! *Paulinus*,  
 Thou worthiest Parent of the fairest Maid!  
 Forgive the Freedom of a poor, old Man,  
 The humble Tenant of yon lonely Cave,  
 These friendly, sheltering, hospitable Woods,  
 From thy own Lips, why was she not appriz'd  
 Of this thy noble Will on thy Departure?

D

*Pau.*

*Pau.* A Promise that she made at *Antioch*  
Ne'er to espouse an *Heathen*, makes me resolve  
To try, unknown to her, how well she may  
Stand to her Vow, and vindicate the Faith  
She has embrac'd, as greatly shall become  
A *Christian* Maid, the Daughter of *Paulinus*.

*Her.* Thou never had'st a Cause —

*Pau.* Father, I grant

I never yet had Cause to call in Question,  
Or once mistrust the Conduct of *Paulina*;  
She has been ever good and dutiful,  
The gentlest, mildest and the kindest Child,  
That Parent e'er was blest with, But when I  
Revolve, and call to mind th' unhappy Frailty  
Of human Nature, and the Force of Love,  
How close 'tis wove into our very Souls,  
What Wonders it has wrought, and Changes form'd  
Ev'n in the best and wisest of us all,  
Reserv'd and pious as our Daughter is,  
Trust me, O Reverend Hermit, in the Saint,  
Not without Reason, do I fear the Woman —

*Her.* A while attend, and fully shalt thou be  
Convinc'd how causeless, groundless are thy Serv  
(ples —

*Pau.* If it prove so, th' Expedient I propose,  
Absolves her from her Vow —

*Her.* But if it fail!

O, think, *Paulinus* think! Well weigh the Con  
If *Cesar* shou'd be obstinately fixt (sequence! —  
Not to forsake the Worship of his Idols,  
This open Declaration of her Faith,  
Without a Glimpse of Mercy seals her Doom.

*Pau.*



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*Pau.* Grant that to be her Lot, Believe me,  
(*Hermit,*

thou'd Joy more, might I behold her deck'd  
With the sharp, thorny Crown of Martyrdom,  
steadfast in Truth, than seated on the Throne  
of *Cesar*, in magnificent Estate,  
And gorgeous Pomp array'd, the Bridal Consort  
Of an Imperial Heathen.

*Her.* O great Resolve!  
O truly most Heroick-Christian Ardor!

*Pau.* Father, I now depart to execute  
The Emperor's Orders, and review the Legions  
committed to my Care, Thou venerable *Hermit*,  
Thou good old Man, Adieu!

*Her.* My Friend, Farewell!  
And all the Guardian Host of Heav'n protect thee!

SCENE II. *Hermit alone.*

*Her.* O, thou all Righteous Ruler of the  
(World)  
Look with an Eye of Pity on our Suffering!  
Grant that this Day our Miseries may cease!  
Or Courage still afford us, to sustain  
Patient, undaunted, and resign'd, the worst  
Of Torments when inflicted by our Foes,  
Or gives us Strength to bear, or end our Woes.

D 2 SCENE

SCENE III. *The Palace.**Maximus alone.*

*Max!* In right good Time, on a thrice lucky  
 Did I discover *Cæsar's* secret Flame, (Hou  
 And Passion for *Paulina*, which if I  
 Presage aright, most fatal and destructive  
 To her ambitious Father, or her self  
 Shall shortly prove, and *Cæsar* shall be forc'd,  
 Spite of himself, to do *Camilla* Justice,  
 But my own private Injuries, My Wrongs  
 And inbred Hatred to the proud *Paulinus*  
 And his detested Race, rouse and provoke  
 My Soul to Wrath beyond all other Motives;  
 Glittering in Military Pomp, shall he  
 Swell in the Front of our *Prætorian* Bands?  
 And to his Arbitrary Will must I  
 Again submissive cringe, or stand disgrac'd,  
 As heretofore by his Imperious Orders?  
 Whilst his own Daughter perch'd upon a Throne  
 Shall by her Power and Interest, give full Scope  
 For his proud Soul to work — But soft — The  
 (Princess! [*Retires aside.*

SCENE IV. *Camilla, Maximus.*

*Cam.* Be calm my Soul! Try if thou can'st a  
 (while

Reflect with Patience on the Deeds of Man!  
 The Tyrant, lawless Libertine call'd Man —  
 Had I been old, Ignoble, or a Match

Unequal

unequal to the most aspiring Point  
 As Soul cou'd aim, perhaps, I might have born it !  
 To be abandon'd, scorn'd, cast off and slighted,  
 Without a Cause, for one of baser Rank  
 Blood, nor of superior Excellence  
 Any Kind, Ev'n in Beauty to my self,  
 For such a Thing, as the mean obscure Daughter  
 Of a disgrac'd Patrician, Just stole back  
 From Banishment — — That cuts — — It tears my  
 (Heart — —  
 Quite damns all Patience — — Whirls about my  
 (Brain  
 To Madness ! — — Rage ! — — Despair ! — — But  
 (why shou'd I  
 Torment my Soul with Thought — — My Doom  
 (is fix'd,  
 And I am lost for ever ! — — *Maximus !*

[*Seeing him.*

*Max.* O Royal Fair ! O give me leave to mix  
 My Cares with yours, and join in your Com-  
 (plaints,

To curse the luckless and Ill-Fated Day  
 To *Rome* and *Maximus*, on which *Paulina*  
 Insar'd the Soul of *Cæsar* with her Charms,  
 And o'er his Heart gain'd an Inglorious Triumph,  
 Let it be henceforth mark'd, and pointed out  
 As black and ominous to future Ages,  
 Or quite expung'd from the Records of Time,  
 For ever clouded in Oblivion lye,  
 And roll no more in the revolving Year. (plaint !

*Cam.* Poor is thy Cause of Sorrow and Com-  
 The Cause of thy Regret compar'd to mine !  
 Thou dread'st the Anger of an antient Foe  
 Justly provok'd, long since o'erthrown, and now

*Antæus*

*Anteus* like with double Vigour rising,  
 I mourn a ravish'd Lover! Mourn the Loss  
 Of *Cesar's* Heart! — The Loss of Thrones and  
 (Worlds! —

Flattery and Court-like Arts shall reconcile  
 Thee into Grace, Thou might'st be happy yet,  
 But, Oh! My Grief! — My Torture! — Wh  
 Relief! —

What other Remedy remains for me,  
 Can I e'er know or ever hope to find,  
 Than sighing to the Winds — Striking this Breast —  
 Than tearing this poor Hair! — Wiping in vain,  
 The trickling Streams, that bubble thro' these Eyes  
 Must ever swell and will for ever flow —  
 The miserable Comforts of a Woman!

*Max.* O stay these Tears! Restrain this Flood  
 (of Anguish)

For yet if I might Judge —

*Cam.* Thou Judge! Of what? —

— Say, do'st thou know, or can'st thou once  
 (conceive)

The fiercest Torments of the damn'd'st damn'd?  
 In livid Gulphs of Fire that roll despairing,  
 That toss and bound on Lakes of flaming Sulphur  
 Or fix'd on red-hot Adamantine Rocks,  
 In everlasting Burnings howl and yell, (me  
 Then may'st thou Judge, perhaps, may'st Judge of  
 And what I feel! The stinging Pangs of Love  
 Despis'd! Of Jealousy! and hopeless Passion!

*Max.* O beauteous Princess, suffer me t' Intreat  
 You wou'd compose and calm —

*Cam.* Talk to the Winds!

Go! Bid the foamy and tempestuous Deep

Smooth



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smooth its rough Surface, when conflicting Winds  
 buffet, and swell its Surges to an Uproar.

*Max.* Indulge not thus your Grief! The Ills  
 (you mourn,

are not so desperate as your Fancy forms,  
 and may admit a Cure: Appear your self!

Call up the Spirit of a *Roman* Dame,  
 to fortify your Soul, greatly resolve (them.

to ward off your Wrongs; Or well revenge

*Cam.* Thy Words bring Peace and Comfort to  
 (my Soul,

and, Oh! Like Sovereign, healing Balsam drop  
 upon my Heart, and cool its burning Pain.

*Max.* The Torch of *Hymen* is not lighted yet,  
 nor may the Nuptial Knot be ty'd, until

*Paulinus* shall return, who but this Morn

set out to take his Post, and to review

the Legions lately landed from *Dalmatia*,

now on their March to *Rome*, which I'm assur'd,

they will not reach, before the God of Light

O'er the wide, purple waste of ambient Air,

has thrice more from the *East* new-rais'd his Head,

before which Time the Means to find, I doubt not,

Or to obstruct th' unjust, accurs'd Alliance,

Or in *Paulina's* dangerous Eyes put out

those sparkling Beams, that fire the Soul of *Cesar*,

And might, if not from future Harm secur'd,

set the whole Empire of the World in Flames.

*Cam.* Go on! Go on! Delight me with the  
 (Sound

Of Vengeance, to my Ears more grateful now,

Than the soft Music of the tuneful Spheres,

That in their warbling Motion charm the Gods.

*Max,*

*Max.* This Place appears too public, and  
Begins to fill apace. (Cous)

*Cam.* Then let's retire!  
Where we more private may consult in safety.

## SCENE V. *The Gardens.*

*Paulina alone.*

*Pau.* Well have I wander'd from the croud  
These solitary Walks and shady Bowers, (Cous)  
This hush'd Retirement from the flattering Stage  
Within, on which the same vain tiresome Farce  
Is acted o'er and o'er, best suits my Temper,  
And soothes the Melancholy of my Soul,

*Galerius*, oh! — He comes — He's here! —  
(Ye Pow'rs! Defend me! Shield me  
— I tremble! — Wish! — I fear! — I'm ho  
(I know no

## SCENE VI. *Galerius, Paulina.*

*Gal.* Hail charming Maid, Forgive, if I intrude  
And on your Solitude abruptly press!  
But Joy like Grief excessive scorns Confinement  
And breaks thro' all Restraints to find a Vent.

*Pau.* If to bestil'd the Emperor of the World  
Plac'd on th' Imperial Throne of mighty Rome  
The utmost, highest Pitch of Human Grandeur,  
Can fill a Soul, for Glory form'd, like yours,  
With true, exalted Notions of its Worth,  
*Cesar*, you've Reason to esteem the Prize,

Th' Invaluable Prize, The Gift of Heav'n,  
And of your conquering Arms the just Reward.

*Gal.* O, my *Paulina*, wrong not thy *Galerius*!  
Nor harbour Thoughts so low of my Ambition!  
Thou, and thou only art the glorious Prize  
My Soul pants after, Thou'rt my only Good  
On Earth, and ev'ry Wish and ev'ry Hope  
This Bosom swells with, All aspire to thee!

*Pau.* *Cesar*, Alas, You surely have forgot  
To whom you now address, an humble Maid  
That shall pursue you with a thousand Blessings,  
For Mercy, Favour, Liberty and Life,  
Your Grant and Godlike Gift at *Ephesus*.

*Gal.* If I behold thee now, with other Eyes,  
Than when at *Ephesus*, from Day to Day,  
I pour'd out the Transports of my Soul before  
My ardent Vows of everlasting Truth, (thee,  
Dishonour overtake me! Black Despair  
Attend me here and ever be my Portion.

*Pau.* *Cesar*, Alas, Forbear!

*Gal.* Give thy Soul Way!

O, tell me all thy Fears! For still I see,  
Like a poor, timorous Dove, thy trembling Heart  
Uneasy yet, would find a resting Place  
Secure from future Storms, O, trust it here!  
Within this faithful Bosom give it Refuge!  
That longs, that burns to shelter and protect it!

*Pau.* Remember, *Cesar*, what I've oft declar'd,  
That Fate has interfer'd and thrown a Bar  
Across such Hopes, and we should never meet  
On Terms like these. ———

*Gal.* O, say not so, my Charmer!  
Is not all done, All Obstacles remov'd (Bliss.—  
That seem'd to oppose and thwart our Way to  
*Pau.*

*Pau.* All done! All Obstacles remov'd! O no  
 A thousand and a thousand still remain,  
 Rise to my View, and strike my Soul with Horror  
 Alas, shou'd I once offer to indulge  
 A Passion so destructive and presumptuous,  
 I tremble at the Mischiefs would ensue!  
 Methinks, I see the Emperor *Dioclesian*  
 Storm, rage, exclaim and fiercest Vengeance threat  
 I trembling, weeping, all in vain imploring! (ter  
 Then, raving with Despair, my injur'd Father,  
 Distracted, in my Hair locks fast his Hands,  
 And drags me to the Ground, unsheaths his Dag  
 And in a dreadful Voice aloud cries out (ge  
 Take that the just Reward of Disobedience,  
 And stabs me to the Heart.

*Gal.* Why woud'st thou thus,  
 With fancied Woes imaginary Ills,  
 And vain Chimæras vex thy gentle Soul?  
 While *Rome* exulting, with Impatience burns,  
 Longs to salute and hail thee Empress! (thee  
 Why wo't thou shun, and cast the Blessing from

*Enter to them Lucilla.*

*Luc.* Princess, the Empress greets you, and re  
 (quires  
 Your instant Presence at her own Apartment.

*Pau.* *Cesar*, adieu, permit me to retire!  
 My Duty summons me.

## SCENE VII. *Galerius alone.*

*Gal.* What to imagine,  
 How farther to proceed, or reconcile  
 This lovely Trifler with her Self I know not!

*Still*



ill she insists upon, yet still conceals  
somewhat, that seems to lay Restraint upon her;  
om freely list'ning to the Vows I offer,  
om some more weighty Cause must this proceed,  
han usual, artful Coyness of the Sex,  
common Virgin Scruples.

*Enter to him Carus.*

*Car. Caesar ! Hail !*

net *Paulina* coming forth, methought,  
ft Joy and Pleasure sparkled in her Eyes,  
oubt not your Success, or need I ask it.

*Gal. Carus*, thou dost mistake, Alas, She's cold !  
ld as the *Thracian* Shepherdess, that tends  
t harmless Flocks on the bleak Mountains Top,  
ver'd with Snow, That feeds on Roots and  
d drinks the Icy Brook. (Herbs,

*Car.* The Court attends  
wait you to the Temple.

*Gal* I'm prepar'd.

CENE VIII. *The Apartments of the  
Empress in the Palace.*

*Serena, Paulina, Lucilia.*

*er.* Once more I tell thee on the Brink of Fate  
tort'ring Stand, I hear the Mandate's drawn,  
dreadful Edict, and some other Sun  
y rise, and set in Blood.

*an.* Avert it, Heaven !

*er.* For thee the Glory is reserv'd at last  
sume my Part, in secret stem the Flood

Of *Christian* Gore, that stains the *Roman* Name,  
And streams in *Crimson Torrents* thro' the Em-

(pire

*Pau.* Alas, my Soul with Grief and Anguish

(melts

To think but on the least Part of their Sufferings  
Dispers'd and persecuted, chas'd and driv'n,  
From Place to Place, in Desarts, Woods and Wilds  
In Caves and Dens they shrow'd their wretched

(Heads

And find each frightful Savage of the Forrest,  
More gentle, kind and merciful than Man,  
Their fellow Creature, cause of all their Sufferings  
Eut, O, my gracious Empress! Royal Mistress!  
O, how shon'd I relieve, how succour them?  
Whence is my Power deriv'd?

*Ser.* From Heav'n, *Paulina*,

That set thee forth the finest Master-Piece  
Of all it's Art, and curious Workmanship  
Of Beauty, fashion'd by a Hand divine,  
That arm'd thy Eyes with those resistless Charms  
To conquer and enslave an Emperor,  
And now requires, the Blessing it bestow'd,  
Shou'd be employ'd and us'd as it design'd.

*Pau.* How must it be! — O give me leave to

(think —

*Ser.* Resolve e're it be too late, the Danger

(urgent

The low'ring Tempest blackens fast around us,  
The dreadful Thunder rolls but at a Distance,  
And soon, with frightful Glare, the dismal Flash  
Will unrelenting dart the Bolt upon us.

*Pau.* What shou'd I do?

*Ser.* Consent to wed with *Cesar*.

*Pau.*

*Pau.* Does not our Faith in Terms exprefs for-  
(bid it!

Have I not vow'd and made a Resolution,  
Ne'er to espouse an *Heathen*?

*Ser.* Every Scruple

Thy Mind can frame, shall fully be resolv'd,  
And well expounded by the good old *Hermis*.

*Pau.* O, 'tis a dreadful thing to anger Heav'n!  
To tempt presumptuously, or to provoke it!  
Shou'd I a wilful, impious Crime commit,  
Fraught with vain Hope of an uncertain Good  
T' ensue? What cou'd the blindest *Heathen* more?  
With Horror, we, and Indignation view  
Their Breach of Oaths and frequent Perjuries,  
But do not ev'n the Gods whom they adore,  
And at whose Shrines thy bend, themselves afford  
Their Votaries all, Examples numerous  
Of wanton Frauds and faithless amorous Vows?  
Say, is our Faith the same? Shall we condemn,  
Upbraid and charge 'em with the very Crimes,  
That we our selves to gratify a Passion,  
Or serve, perhaps, some baser worldly Turn  
Commit and perpetrate? — Enormous Thought!  
Vows are not to be trifled with, say, who  
Shall dare to sport with Thunder?

*Ser.* Beauteous Maid!

I more admire, the more I hear thee talk,  
The brightness of thy Soul! O, can there be  
No safe Expedient then at last found out,  
And must for want of charitable Succour,  
These poor, afflicted, helpless Wretches perish?

*Pau.* If gracious Heav'n's o'eruling Will ordains,  
By Causes, Means and Methods unforeseen,  
Unthought of, unexpected, those shall be

Preserv'd

Preserv'd, whom it appoints, Vain is the Malice,  
And vain the Power of Man, against the Shield  
Of Interposing Providence Divine.

*Ser.* Behold Idolatry in pageant Shew,  
And superstitious Pomp, in Triumph stalks  
Before our Eyes, guarded on ev'ry Side,  
By daring Tyranny and bold Oppression,  
Behind her Persecution, with a Train  
Of cruel, coward Priests, and holy Butchers,  
With Rods and Axes, torturing Chains and Knives,  
Their glowing Hands all red and smear'd with  
(Blood,  
While Truth and pure Religion, at their Feet,  
Unpitied lie, ev'n gasping and expiring.

*Luc.* O, save them, save your Friends! O, save  
(the Christians!

*Ser.* The ireful Sword yet slumbers in the Scab-  
(bard,  
But thirsts for Blood and when in Rage unsheath'd  
Whole Hecatombs of Wretches won't suffice,  
To glut its Wrath, and stay its greedy Vengeance.  
See, Numbers of distress'd, poor Innocents  
Virgins and Matrons, Age and blooming Youth  
Shackl'd and bound, led forth from loathsome  
(Dungeons  
To Death! To barbarous, horrid, hellish Tor-  
(tures,  
See, Babes mark'd out, like harmless Lambs for  
(Slaughter,  
The bloody Knife just pointed at their Throats,  
Lift up their little Hands in vain for Mercy!  
Again the Streets of Rome shall swim in Blood,  
And glow all Day with flaming Piles of Fire!  
All Night the Shrieks, the Cries and dismal Groans  
Of



Of *Christians* stretch'd alive on burning Wheels,  
Plunging in Caldrons, or impal'd on Stakes,  
Shall pierce our Ears and rend our Souls with  
(Horror !

*Pau.* O frightful Image ! Take me, Lead, In-  
(struct me,

How I shou'd frame my Speech, or how employ,  
The Zeal and Ardor that inspire my Soul,  
To save my Friends ! Yes, I'll prevent their Fate,  
Or perish in their Cause ! O that my Life  
Might but suffice, Or wou'd atone for theirs !

*Ser.* Joy of my Eyes ! Thou Darling of my  
(Soul !

Cease to afflict thy peaceful, tender Heart  
With sad and anxious Thoughts ! The Pow'rs a-  
(bove,

That view with Ravishment thy blooming Beau-  
Thy pure unspotted Innocence and Truth, (pies,  
Shall all look down, all hover round about thee,  
All spread their Wings, and let no Mischief harm  
(thee,

Then, wondring gaze, o'erjoy'd, on Earth to  
(And,

Among the fallen Race of human Kind,  
To such a Heavenly Form, a Soul so beauteous  
(join'd.

*End of Second Act.*

ACT



## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Temple of Vesta with an Altar, and her Image on a Pedestal.*

*Solemn MUSICK.*

*The Priests and Vestal Virgins enter in Procession afterwards Dioclesian, Galerius, Carus, and Maximus, who range themselves on each Side of the Altar and Stage, while the following ODE is sung in Parts and Chorus by the Priests.*

## ODE to Vesta.

I.

**H** All *Vesta*, radiant Power divine!  
O, smile as we approach thy Shrine!  
Chast, pure, immortal Virgin-Queen!  
Ever Indulgent and Serene!

II.

Goddess, to thee our Vows we pay,  
On this Auspicious solemn Day!  
O bend, O bend, a while, thy Ear!  
Regard thy suppliant Votaries Prayer!

III.

Second Priest.

III.

Hail sacred Deity! on whom  
Rests the big Fate of mighty *Rome*!  
Thee, we implore, her Empire may  
Never grow weak, or feel decay!

IV.

But strong and vigorous as thy Flame,  
Endure to latest Time the same,  
While we thy holy Hearth supply,  
And thy refulgent Fires ne'er die.

CHORUS.

Hail *Vesta*! &c.

After the *MUSICK* Dioclesian and Galerius  
come forward upon the Stage.

Dio. **N**OW may the Tutelary Powers of  
(*Rome*,  
Great Father *Mars*, *Jove*, *Vesta* and *Quirinus*  
Smile from their starry Orbs, approve our Vows,  
And be propitious to the great Design —

[*Thunder.*]

And heark! — How *Jove* in Thunder, on the  
(left,

Speaks loud his Approbation, and confirms  
The glad, auspicious Omens of the Day!  
O, *Cæsar*, O my Friend! My Royal Friend!  
Does not thy Heart swell big within thy Breast,  
And flame and burn with ardent, glowing Zeal,  
To vindicate, and fiercely to revenge

F

The

The Honour of our Gods, and free thy Country  
From this pernicious Pest, these cursed *Christians*  
That have infected all the Streets in *Rome*,  
And poison'd ev'ry Quarter of it's Empire!

*Gal.* What to my Country and the Gods I owe  
With readiest Will I ever shall acquit.

*Dio.* That's well resolv'd! Mark, now, our  
(future Purpose)

—The Hopes, the Fate and Safety of the Empire  
(plac'd)

Depend upon our just and strict Observance,  
The solemn Execution of this Vow,  
The *Theban* Legion, to that End, remains  
By my Command in *Rome*, prompt to invent  
And harden'd to inflict unheard of Tortures,  
Without Remorse, Reluctance or Delay.  
With most inveterate Hatred they detest  
These *Christian* Dogs, and Night and Day incessant  
(sant,

All their whole Care their Toil and Studies tend  
To their Destruction and eternal Ruin,  
And on the dawning of the Saffron Morn,  
I mean to give their burning Rage a Loose.

—The sacred Rites perform'd, and Offerings made  
To the Immortal Gods, what now remains,  
But, we in solemn Pomp declare the Nuptials;

—*Paulina's* yours, This Evenings setting Sun  
Shall give the panting Fair-One to your Arms,  
And thus wind up our Clue of Happiness  
On Earth, and centre all your Joys in one.

SCENE



SCENE II. *The Palace.*

*Paulina, Lucilia.*

*Luc.* I joy, to find the *Hermit* has prevail'd,  
And wrought this happy Alteration in you,  
Yet were it proper to conceal a while  
Your Principles, and the real Motives hide,  
That bend, and turn your Mind to this Com-  
(pliance.

*Pau.* Base and Ignoble Thought! — No! No,  
(*Lucilia,*

Too long, and with Reluctance, I've suppress'd  
The glorious Sentiments that fire my Breast,  
Which now I'm fix'd to own, and to assert,  
And plead the Cause of my afflicted Friends,  
Ev'n to the Face of *Cesar*, He shall find  
What is a *Christian* Soul when it informs  
A Womans, Ev'n a weak Womans tender Bosom.

*Luc.* May all regarding Heav'n propitious bless  
The great Attempt, and prosper your Endeavours.  
And yet I know not how, This Heart of mine  
This foolish, trembling Heart will never cease  
To doubt and fear! — Just Heav'n, preserve  
(my Princess!

— Last Night, I dreamt, the Jealous, proud *Ca-*  
(*milla*

In funeral Robes ent'ring the Room, approach'd  
Close to our Bed, A Dagger in her Hand,  
And in a hollow Tone cry'd out, *Paulina!*  
Awake, *Paulina!* And prepare to die,  
I starting up, she seem'd to dart the Weapon,

With desperate Fury at my naked Breast,  
 Which only gently glanc'd and hurt me not,  
 But struck on yours, and strait a Crimson Stream  
 Stain'd all the whiteness of your showy Bosom,  
 I shriek'd, and strove to clasp you in my Arms,  
 But strove in vain, and grasp'd the empty Air,  
 — The dreadful Fright awak'd me, long I lay,  
 Half dead and motionless, — Tumultuous Joy  
 O'erflow'd my Soul to find it but a Dream,  
 Yet this poor aking Heart, with boding Horror,  
 Still throbs, still pants, ev'n at the bare Remem

(brance

*Pau.* Meer Vapours, my *Lucilia*, let no

(Dream

Vain, idle Dreams thus discompose thy Mind,  
 And fill thy Brain with melancholic---Fancies,  
 — Come, thou shalt think no more on't!

*Luc.* Cou'd I help it,  
 Indeed, I wou'd not, some unusual Sadness  
 Hangs on my lab'ring Soul, and loads my Heart—  
*Cesar* approaches!

*Pau.* Then retire and leave me.

### S C E N E III.

*Galerius, Paulina.*

*Gal.* Excelling Fair! Thou Charmer of my  
 (Soul

Behold an Emperor bends to pay the Homage  
 Due to thy Beauty, take thee to my Arms,  
 And lead thee to my Throne, and glory more,  
 Far more, O, lov'ly'st of thy Sex, in thee,

Tha

Than all th' Atchievements of my Arms in War,  
Than Fame, than Laurels, Victory and Triumphs.

*Pau.* Yes, *Cesar*, I must own, for 'tis too late  
Now to retreat, I needs must own, my Soul  
Ever has inclin'd to thee — Thy wond'rous  
(Virtues

Have won my Heart long since ———

*Gal.* O, my Lifes Joy!  
My Empress, Goddess!

*Pau.* *Cesar*, I Intreat,  
Abate this Transport. I confess I love,  
With all the Softness of my Sex I love,  
The Tenderness and Truth. But, O, Beware,  
I have a Suit to move, which if refus'd,  
We yet must part again — Must part for ever.

*Gal.* Is there on Earth the Thing thou could'st  
(require,  
And *Cesar* wou'd not grant? O speak thy Soul!  
The utmost, boundless Wishes of thy Soul!  
For nought that thou wo't ask, can be denied.

*Pau.* Witness, then, Heav'n that from the  
(bravest *Roman*  
I ask the greatest, noblest Proof of Love ———  
Alas, I dare not ———

*Gal.* By the immortal Powers!  
Speak, I conjure thee, Open thy Request,  
And deem it granted, Lo, the *Roman* Empire,  
The World, it self, lies prostrate at thy Feet,  
Is thine, without, reserve to thee devoted.

*Pau.* Mark, then, for I can stifle it no longer,  
My aged Father has Friends numberless,  
Distress'd, forlorn and overwhelm'd with Woe,  
His Friends are mine, from you, we both demand  
Succour, Relief and safe Protection for them.

*Gal.*

*Gal.* Well I'm appriz'd, that jealous of the  
 (Power,  
 The Wealth, the Strength and Clients of *Pau-*  
 (linus,

Thy noble Father, from the Gates of *Rome*,  
 By too severe an Edict of the *Emperor*,  
 Both he and they were banish'd, and remain  
 Disgrac'd in Exile still, *Paulinus* only  
 Has been recall'd to Court, But rest assur'd,  
 His and their Interest shall be ever dear,  
 And to me, henceforth, precious as my own.

*Pau.* Since you've declar'd you will protect our  
 (Friends,  
 On the same Terms must you destroy our Foes,  
 Our hated Enemies throughout the Empire.

*Gal.* 'Tis ratify'd! Your Enemies shall be  
 The fixt, eternal Objects of my Hate.

*Pau.* I ask no more, — *Cesar*, — I am  
 (a *Christian* —

*Gal.* Furies, Despair! — O, fatal Oath —  
 (Art thou —

*Pau.* The *Christians* are my Friends thou must  
 (protect,  
 Thy Idols, are our Foes, thou must destroy.

*Gal.* Perdition! — Darkness cover! — Light —  
 (ning blast me —  
 Art thou! — Damn'd Fate! — Art thou —  
 (Art thou — A *Christian*?

*Pau.* I am what I have told thee.

*Gal.* O, *Paulina*!

*Pau.* Grieve not for me, 'tis done, my Heart's  
 (at Ease,  
 The dreadful Tryal's past — Now, *Cesar* think,  
 Choose



*The* ROMAN MAID. 39

Choose as thou list! Thy Voice decides my Doom,  
I am now thy Wife or Victim! To a Throne  
Exalted or a Scaffold! In a Palace  
All splendid lodgd, or in the peaceful Tomb.

——— What silent still? Farewel! ——— Alas, I  
(fear ———

I wou'd not ——— must not utter more ———  
(Farewel! ———

S C E N E IV.

*Galerius alone. [After a Pause.]*

*Gal.* She's gone, and this fond Heart was just  
(consenting ———

My Soul dwells in her? Shall I then destroy  
Our Gods, our Altars, and distract the State,  
And stand abhorr'd and perjur'd for a Woman?

——— *Pluto* and *Hell*! ——— Dishonour straitway  
(blast me,

E're it be thus! ——— I will throw off this Softness!  
This Laziness of Soul! By Force pluck out  
The painful Dart, that causes all my Torment,  
Tho' my Heart's Blood strait issue at the Wound,

*[After a Pause.]*

Must, then, *Paulina* die! ——— Immortal ———  
(cruel Gods!

Let Multitudes, whole Millions, Nations bleed  
Upon your Altars ——— Spare! O, spare *Paulina*!  
The lovely, mournful, innocent *Paulina*!  
Shall she too fall, in horrible Libation,

An

An undistinguish'd Victim to your Rage ?  
 Her beauteous Head, like a fair Lilly's cropt  
 Untimely from the Stalk, by the base Hand  
 Of some hard-hearted, curs'd, relentless Villian  
 Ev'n in my very Sight ! O horrid Image ! —  
 — Forbid it Nature ! — Universal Ruin  
 First crush, confound and, sink again the  
 (World  
 Into Hell's blackest Chaos, endless Night !

## S C E N E V.

*Galerius, Carus.*

*Car.* How fares my Emperor ?

*Gal.* I'm all Despair.

*Car.* I guess the Cause ! — *Paulina* —

*Gal.* Is a *Christian*.

*Car.* Death to our Hopes at once !

*Gal.* What said'st thou ? Ha !

*Car.* By Heav'n, I pity you !

*Gal.* Curse on thy Pity ! —

— O *Carus*, Can'st thou, can'st thou see me  
 Despairing, damn'd, extended on the Rack,  
 Torturd, mad, raving and but coldly cry,  
 Thou pity'st me !

*Car.* But that I see you most  
 Impatient, void of Temper, I might yet,  
 Perhaps, find out a Cure, and point a Way —

*Gal.* To ease my Soul ?

*Car.* To make *Paulina* yours. (Friend

*Gal.* Thou best of Counsellors ! Thou only  
 O speak, speak quick ! Start some Expedient !

*Car.*

*Car.* Know, then, a venerable *Hermit* dwells  
In a lone Cave, within a darksome Wood,  
Near the Mount *Aventine*, austere and strict  
In Life and Morals: Of uncommon Virtue,  
To him, as to an Oracle alone  
Infallible, The *Christians* daily steal,  
Lay open all the Secrets of their Souls,  
And act, and think, and speak as he directs  
With strong, Implicit Zeal, 'tis Impious deem'd,  
To lean, or swerve reluctant from his Precepts,  
What then remains? but that with Promises,  
Or Threats, Bribes or Compulsion, we work on  
(him  
T'espouse your Cause, and draw *Paulina's* Mind,  
To lay aside those superstitious Notions,  
That cloud, and blind her Soul, and make her  
(thus,  
Oppose her own real Happiness, and shun  
The glorious Offer of your Throne and Bed?

*Gal.* Thy Words have rais'd my Heart, and  
(seem to brood  
With kind, enliv'ning, comfortable Warmth,  
All o'er the frosty Cold that had benumn'd it.

*Car.* All yet is safe! The Secret of her Faith  
Has been, and still remains to all the Court,  
Unknown and unsuspected, May the Gods  
Avert it ever shou'd be blaz'd, or reach  
The Ear of *Dioclesian* — But he comes  
Onward, attended, with his beauteous Empress.

*Gal.* We must withdraw! I wou'd not they ob-  
(serve us.

G

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

*Dioclesian, Serena. Attendants*

*Dio.* I prithee Peace! Why woud'st thou urge  
(my Temper!

Is not the Purpose of my Mind resolv'd?  
Th' Important Purpose! Which I'll see fulfill'd  
By a decisive Stroke, and rid my Soul  
Of all it's Fears, and Load of Cares at once.

*Ser.* O vain, vain Thought! And dost thou  
(fondly hope

To purchase Rest or Ease or Peace of Mind  
By such inhuman Methods, by destroying  
Thy own poor, harmless, miserable Subjects,  
Millions of Innocents, Thy Fellow Creatures,  
That wear impress'd, the likeness of their Maker,  
Equal with thee, whose Duty 'tis to guard them  
From Violence, Injustice and Oppression,  
Thou art ordain'd Heav'n's glorious Instrument  
Of good, on Earth, to all the Nations round thee,  
And to that weighty End, and that alone,  
Fix'd high, and vested with a Power supreme,  
And woud'st thou turn the Blessing to a Curse?  
Abuse the sacred Trust in thee repos'd,  
As Heav'n's great Delegate?

*Dio.* No, but I mean

T'employ it as it ought, and to th' Intent  
For which, Indeed, 'Twas given, The Service of  
(the Gods,  
Th' Immortal Gods, from whom this Empire  
(sprung,

To



To whom it's Grandeur and Renown are owing,  
By whom it flourish'd and is still supported,  
In the Destruction of their deadly Foes,  
Till the whole Earth again restor'd to Peace  
And Unity, shall in one Worship join'd,  
Fall down before the Gods of their Forefathers.

*Ser.* And woud'st thou force the unconquerable

(Mind

Against it's Bent? Against the Dictates planted  
By Heav'n and Nature in it? Inborn Principles,  
Never to be eras'd, or driven forth

By overbearing Might, or hard Compulsion?

Can strongest Chains enslave or force the Con-  
(science?)

Can Violence subdue the Understanding?

Had the Creator of the World deem'd meet,

When first he gave us Souls, he had infus'd

The self-same Sentiments and Inclinations

Into Mankind, and thus himself united

All Nations in one Faith and one Religion,

And not reserv'd it as a Task for thee.

*Dio.* Then who so fit in this tumultuous State

Of Nature, ever fondly prone to Wrong;

In this wild Maze where we at Random rove,

To be our Guides, and point our Duty out,

As those Just, holy Men, to whom the Gods

Have manifested and revealed their Will?

Thus do they daily cry aloud, Arise!

For this art thou a Monarch, to unsheath

The Sword of Wrath against the bold Contem-

(ners

Of us, our Temples, Altars and our Gods,

In Danger now, to be o'erturn'd as nought,

By a pernicious Sect of wicked *Christians*,

By Fire and Sword, severe and wholesome Methods,  
Thou shalt reform a base, degenerate World,  
And purge it from Impiety and Prophaness.

Ser. Presumptuous Men! That to themselves  
(wou'd arrogate

A Power Tyrannic o'er the Consciences,  
Bodies and Souls of Men! Believe me, *Dioclesian*,  
It is a most unkingly Condescension,  
To yield Observance to an Idle Crew  
Of hot-brain, proud, uncharitable Priests,  
Dane of the Empire, That, in angry Mood,  
Unmercifully damn: Ev'n all Mankind,  
That, haply, cannot think as they wou'd have

*Dio*. Go to! Thou art a Woman! And thy  
(them  
(Ser

Is privilege'd to talk it! But to end  
This Game at Words, and strike thee dumb at once  
Know, that, this very Day, upon the Altar,  
In presence of the Gods, in solemn wise,  
I've sworn without Distinction or Regard,  
By the most dreadful Torments, to destroy  
Each *Christian* Wretch that draws fresh Air in  
(*Rome*,

And that full speedily, mark well to-morrow!

Ser. So soon! Said'st thou to-morrow! Can  
(it be!

Thou wou'd'st not be so barbarous! O cruel Oath!  
O, bitter Imprecation! O, *Dioclesian*,  
How dost thou sully all thy nobler Virtues,  
Thy Fame and Laurels with this only Crime,  
This red-hot Zeal and sanguinary Method?  
How shall thy very Memory stand accus'd?  
O, with what Horror will Posterity

Peruse

Peruse thy bloody Annals ! call thee Tyrant !  
Tyrant ! and Persecutor ! — But, Alas !  
Why shou'd I grieve for thee ? Thou blind and  
(desperate,

Flint-hearted *Dioclesian*, O my Friends !  
My hapless, dying Friends, what shou'd I do ?  
How shall I turn in this short Space to save them ?  
*Dio.* Come ! 'tis too much ! I know thou'rt  
(tender hearted !

Compassionate and wond'rous pityful !  
The softest and the gentlest of thy Sex !  
But much may it offend th' Immortal Gods,  
To see thee make those Wretches they detest  
The most on Earth, sole Objects of thy Favour,  
Ah ! wherefore heavens with Sighs compress'd thy  
(Bosom ?

Why swell thy Eyes with rising Floods of Tears  
That threaten soon t' o'erflow their lovely Margin !  
Thou hast no Cause ! — Come to my Arms ! —

*Ser.* Stand off ! —  
Said'st thou I had no Cause ? — Alas ! my  
(Friends !

Say, stand not I devoted to thy Torments ? (It !  
Hast thou not vow'd my Death ? Sincerely vow'd  
And, with a wicked Oath, ty'd down thy Soul  
To slaughter and destroy all who profess —

*Dio.* The *Christian* Faith.

*Ser.* I do embrace that Faith !

*Dio.* Peace, Sorcerers ! Tygress !

*Ser.* Courage, O, my Soul !

*Dio.* Damnation, Ha ! Take heed — Or by  
(the Gods —

*Ser.*

*Ser.* Do! Strike me dead! I'm for the Blow To th

(prepar'd

Strike home! I read thy Purpose in thy Eyes,  
Thy cruel Purpose, in my Heart's warm Blood  
Slake and indulge thy Thirst, and let me fall  
The first, sad, piteous Victim to thy Rage!  
Open thy horrid Massacre with me!

With thy Wife's Murder ——— Nay, frown not,

(Emperor!

Know I'm beyond thy Power, and scorn thy

(Anger.

*Dio.* And dost thou brave me, Traitress! Strait

(a Guard!

*Guard enters.*

Seize her, and hold her under strict Confinement,  
Until our farther Pleasure ——— No Reply!

*Ser.* Farewel! And know, The Sentence thou

(hast pass'd,

Had it been more severe, 'thad pleas'd me better.

## S C E N E VII.

*Dioclesian alone.*

*Dio.* Keep down my Heart! — Hell, what had  
(I to do

With this fantastic Woman? to disclose  
My Mind to one of that untoward Sex,  
That right or wrong delight in Contradiction,  
Ever cross-grain'd and warping — Can this be

(real,

That she has declar'd? or Female Artifice,

To



To thwart my Intentions, since, too well, she  
 (knows  
 Her Power with me, and this Way surely hop'd,  
 To stagger my Resolves? — It must be so! —  
 — But be it as it may I mean to prove it.

S C E N E VIII.

*Camilla alone.*

*Cam.* O, for a friendly Opiate to lull  
 This working Brain to all Eternity,  
 And drive me from the Thought of what I am!  
 A moody melancholy now succeeds  
 The rending, furious Storm of Rage and Grief,  
 Sadness of Heart and Heaviness of Soul  
 Brood with a stupid, leaden Weight all o'er me!  
 While black and murd'rous Thoughts rise to my  
 (self,  
 In Lieu of sweet Revenge on those who wrong'd  
 (me.  
 All Hope's quite lost! The Traytor owns his Guilt!  
 And almost dares to justify his Choice,  
 My cruel Brother has resolv'd, this Night  
 The Nuptials, and to-morrow's Sun beholds  
 My happy Rival mounted on a Throne,  
 Whilst I distracted live and die despairing.

SCENE

## S C E N E IX.

*Maximus, Camilla.*

*Max.* Despair, Distraction, Sorrow, Pain and  
(Anguish)

Fly hence ! Begone ! And ever now attend  
The Foes of *Rome*, the Gods and fair *Camilla*,  
My Princess, Royal Mistress !

*Cam. Maximus !*

If thou bring'st ought of Comfort, Quick ! Impart

*Max.* This Day as I suspected well, and there  
(for

Set over her a trusty Spy, *Paulina*  
Withdrew disguis'd, most private, from the Palace  
And hast'ning to a Place, where Multitudes  
Of *Christians* at their Mysteries were assembled,  
She boldly entred, and was strait receiv'd  
With numerous Blessings, Joy and welcome Glad-  
(ness,

Then by herself, in secret long consulted  
Th' Infernal, *Christian* Oracle the *Hermit*.

*Cam.* Gods to what End ! — Proceed ! I'm  
(all Impatience)

*Max.* Just at the Bottom of Mount *Aventine*,  
There stands a melancholy, gloomy Wood,  
Obscure as Hell, and dismal as the Grave,  
Where Ghosts and Spectres haunt, oft at Midnight,  
Strange Sights appear, and Groans and fearful  
(Cries

SCENE

Are

Are heard most plain, and scarce the trembling  
(Hinds

That dwell in scatter'd Cottages around,  
Within, there is a Cave o'ergrown with Moss,  
Just at the Foot of an old, wither'd Oak  
Long since with Light'ning blasted, on whose  
(Boughs,

All the Night long the doleful Owlet Screams,  
And croaking Ravens build by Day, The *Chri-*  
(*stians*

Assemble there, practice the Magic-Art,  
And try the horrid Force of *Philtres*, Charms,  
Dire Incarnations and infernal Witchcraft.

*Cam.* Now, by the Gods, *Paulina* does fre-  
(quent  
That Place most sure, and there has learnt the Use  
Of these curs'd, hellish Arts, and by their Help  
Has fascinated this the Heart of *Cæsar*.

*Max.* Each Day gives wond'ring *Rome* fresh  
(Instances  
Of the tremendous Pow'r of these Enchantments,  
Subservient to their Will, Oft Times to Health,  
To fresh, amazing Vigour, they restore,  
Ev'n on the Infant, Those, whom every Son,  
Skill'd in the healing Art, had roll'd in vain,  
With Drugs, with Herbs and Potions to relieve!  
The miserable Wretch, that, from the Womb,  
Mourn'd his blind ~~Obs~~ in blackest Gloom o'er-  
(vell'd,

Implores their Aid, They bid the Darkness fly!  
And strait his Eyes confess the beamy Ray!  
The Times and Seasons of the rolling Year,  
At their own Will they vary, or reverse,

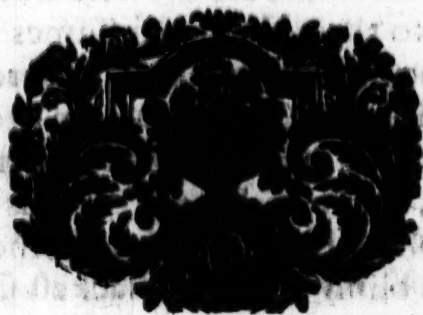
All Nature trembling, To their dead Commands  
 Attentive listens, and obeys their Voice,  
 And all Things own their Power, The Grave it  
 (self

Th' Inexorable, ruthless Grave unfolds  
 Its flinty Gates, and sets the Captives free.

*Cam.* Enough! — Are these thy Charms, de-  
 (tested Rival!

Thy Charms oppos'd to mine? 'Tis well, I know  
 Now thy full Pow'r, thy Practices and Treason!  
 — Thrice-happy, blest Discovery! Now shall I  
 Be double-fold redress'd, and soon, the Gods,  
 With Aim unerring, on my Rival's Head,  
 Shall bolt red-hot the flaming Horror down,  
 Revenge my Cause, and vindicate their own.

*End of Third Act.*



**A C T**





ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

*Dioclesian, Carus, Maximus, Guards and Attendants.*

*Dio.* **M**E SEEMS, My Friends, This Day,  
 (the burning Sun  
 Flames with uncommon and transcendant Lustre,  
 All Nature seems to smile, a pleasing Aspect  
 Clears up and smooths each Brow, and sparkling  
 (Joy  
 Dances in ev'ry Eye.

*Car.* Such is the Love  
 The *Romans* bear their Godlike Emperors,  
 They cannot, if they wou'd, conceal the Tran-  
 (sport,  
 That swells their generous Breasts on this Occa-  
 (sion,  
 This is, indeed, a Day of general Joy!  
 That with th' Imperial Wreath shall bind the  
 (Brow  
 Of fair *Paulina*, *Rome's* beloved Princess.

*Dio.* Her noble Father's Merit and her Virtues,  
 Her Beauty, Sweetness and the Love of *Cesar*,

H 2

Have

Have all concurr'd, to cast the doubtful Ballance  
Of my Consent, in Favour of *Paulina*.  
Proceed, Lead to the Capitol!

*Camilla enters in Mourning veil'd.*

## SCENE II.

*Camilla, Dioclesian, Carus, Maximus, &c.*

*Cam.* O, stay!

Stay in the Name of all th' Immortal Gods  
Of *Rome*! Of the whole Empire, I conjure you!

*Dio.* Ha! What art thou? That on this glad  
(som Day,  
Array'd in Weeds of Death, That Garb of Woe,  
And ominous Sadness, as our Evil Genius  
Has't crost us here, and wou'd'st obstruct our  
(Passage,  
If thou bear'st ought approach us — Ha, *Camilla*!

[*She unveils.*

*Cam.* Most, mighty Emperor, O, my Royal  
(Brother,

See, at your Feet an injur'd Maid, that bends  
With streaming Eyes, to crave a Moment's Au-  
(dience!

*Dio.* Rise! Rise, *Camilla*, on some other Time  
We'll give thee patient Hearing, urgent Business  
Summons us to the Senate, where the Fathers,  
Assembled by our Order, wait our Presence.

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Your Royal Ear, one Moment.

*Dio.* Speak thy Will.

[*They converse apart, He starts suddenly from her.*]

*d.* Damnation! Hell and Furies! Flames and Tor-  
(curses!

See, that thou tell me true, Or by the Gods,  
By all th' Immortal, Injur'd Gods of *Rome*,  
I'll fasten on thee with this desperate Hand,  
Pluck from thy Breast thy bloody, reeking Heart,  
Panting and hot, and rend it thus! And thus!—

*Cam.* Now, may the Pow'rs above so deal with  
As I have utter'd Truth or Falshood, Stay! (me,  
Stay, but a while, she shall herself aver it,  
And boldly to your Presence justify,  
Nay vindicate, and glory in her Crime, (her.  
Her own Tongue shall acquit me, and condemn

*Dio.* Then shall her Tongue be twisted from  
(its Root,

With red-hot torturing Irons, Speak, my Friends,  
Unfold this Mystery! Some must have known,  
Been privy to this treacherous, damn'd Design  
Against the Gods themselves and *Dioclesian*,  
What place a *Christian* Sorceress on the Throne?  
The Throne of *Caesar*, and my self be made  
A Tool, an Instrument to perpetrate,  
And give a Sanction to the hellish Treason?  
It is not to be born!

*Cam.* Accurs'd Discovery!

*Max.* I will dissemble! 'Tis the safest Way!

[*Aside.*

—Most sacred Emperor, had I once suspected  
*Paulina's* Bosom tainted or infected  
With the dire Venom, that incessant flows

From

From this curs'd Sect, their Principles and Precepts,

Ev'n thro' the blackest Gloom, I had explor'd,  
And to your Royal Self, alone reveal'd the Secret.

*Car.* Still do I hope this nuptial Union may  
Into her Soul far nobler Thoughts instil,  
When Empress of the World, and Wife of *Cesar*,  
The Grandeur and Amusements of a Court  
Shall cure these little Frailties of the Mind,  
What are they but the Itch of Novelty?

Bred from Spleen, Vapours and I know not what  
Vain Fancies, idle Notions, That before  
Th' eternal Light of Truth and sober Reason,  
Like brooding Mists, pierc'd by the radiant Sun,  
Fly swift at once, and vanish in a Moment.

*Cam.* O, Impotence of Thought, absurd Opinions!

Idly to dream, this wicked, impious Sect  
To be wrought flexible, or pliant, by  
Kind and Indulgent Methods, or Persuasion,  
That with gigantic hard'n'd Pride defy  
The Arm of Flesh, and equally despise  
Rewards and Punishments with Scorn presumptuous

Deaf as the Winds, and stubborn as a Rock,  
That braves th' impetuous Storm and raging Billows,

That lash its Sides, rebounding on themselves,  
Vain Efforts! Such these Wretches are, and thus  
Unmov'd they stand, and with undaunted Minds  
Maintain their Cause, and triumph o'er their Sufferings.

*Dio.*



*Dio.* Long have I toll'd, indeed, but toll'd in  
 (vain,  
 To check the Growth of this rank pois'nous Weed,  
 That quite o'er-runs the Empire, spite of me,  
 It spreads it's baleful Fibres all around,  
 And roots and thrives best in a Soil of Blood.  
 One Stock pluck'd up, or torn away, Behold,  
 Another and another strait succeed,  
 And spread their Head luxuriant and presumptuous  
 With equal Pride and Vigour as the first.  
 —This cursed Hydra cannot be destroy'd.  
 Strait, *Maximus*, hast to the Capitol!  
 Declare, an unexpected Accident  
 Forbids our Presence, and dismiss the Fathers.

SCENE II. *The Wood and  
 Hermit's Cave.*

*Hermit, Galerius.*

*Her.* Know, *Cesar*, we are Proof against thy  
 (Threats  
 And Promises, The Malice, Cruelty,  
 The Anger, Pride, All Impotent Efforts  
 Of Man we scorn.

*Gal.* I court thy Friendship, Father.

*Her.* E're I beheld thy Face I was thy Friend.

*Gal.* Art thou a Friend to me?

*Her.* To all Mankind.

*Gal.* Assist my Love!

*Her.* I pray for thy Conversion.

*Gal.*

*Gal.* This will not take Effect— I'll turn the  
 (Battery  
 [Aside.

—Had'st thou not better quit this Savage Life?  
 Forsake these solitary, wild Abodes,  
 This sad, necessitous and wretched State,  
 To dwell in Courts in Affluence and Ease,  
 In human Converse and a social Life?  
 I'll make thee great, Thou Venerable Man!  
 Load thee with Riches, Honour! —

*Her.* Eye upon't

But that I see thee walk, and look Erect,  
 To hear thee vainly talk in earnest thus,  
 Might I not fear, and have just Cause to doubt  
 Thy Use of Reason? But, Alas, thou art  
 Sunk into sensual Habits, can'st not relish  
 The Charms of Contemplation and Retirement,  
 Of blessed Poverty and Self-Denial,  
 Refin'd Delights and intellectual Joys!

—This Wood, as wild and savage as it seems  
 To thee, abounds and is replete with all  
 The choicest Blessings I cou'd wish on Earth,  
 That Nature asks, Or bounteous Heav'n can grant,  
 Th' adjacent Fields, each little Spot of Earth  
 Around, affords me sweet and wholesome Food,  
 The limpid Brooks and ever bubbling Springs,  
 With most delicious, pure, refreshing Draughts,  
 Fill up my beachen Cup, and slake my Thirst,  
 These Bow'ry Groves and verdant-tufted Trees  
 Spread a cool-umber'd Shade, and guard my Head  
 Against the sultry Heat and Noon-Day Sun,  
 And shelter all the Year my mossy Cave  
 From the bleak Cold, and stormy wintry Blasts,  
 I nothing covet, and I nothing want.

I sleep

I sleep as sound within yon Stony Arch,  
As thou can'st under Canopies of State,  
Adorn'd with purple Plumes and rich Embroidery,  
More glad and thankful wake, far more com-  
(pos'd

In Mind, with such a light and chearful Heart,  
As mad Ambition ne'er shall find or know,  
And the most haughty Monarch upon Earth,  
Can never feel, and will be stranger to.

*Gal.* Short-dated is thy boasted Happiness.

—That rigid Pride of Soul, That stubborn Vir-  
(tue

Will soon o'erwhelm thy Sect, and thee involve  
In horrible Destruction.

*Her.* Be it so!

Blest, glorious Lot! O long'd for, welcome Fate!

To die! To suffer, for the Cause of Truth!

To die! What's that? To cease to live on Earth,

In these frail Bodies, Not to cease to be!

But live for ever! Only to strip our selves

Of Flesh, and put on Immortality,

In better Worlds, In Heav'ns of boundless Joy,

To dwell in Bliss when Time shall be no more!

Thrice-happy-happy State! O ravishing,

Ecstatic Hope! O comfortable Prospect

To view Eternal Life beyond the Grave!

—Believe me, *Cesar*, not for all thy Grandeur,  
Dominion, Power, The Wealth of all the World,  
Wou'd I exchange this glorious Privelege  
Of dying for my Faith.

*Gal.* Thou may'st too late,

Haply repent, and curse the ill-fated Hour,

On which thou did'st refuse, and spurn our Offer,

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Why woud'st thou be thus obstinately blind?  
 Why court thus wilfully thy own Perdition?  
 Perverfly court it thus? Little thou know'st,  
 Or can'st conceive, what dreadful Torments wait  
 (thee!

*Her.* Nor do I care, not Axes, Rods, or Chains  
 Fierce, scorching Fires, or slow tormenting Wheels  
 Can make Impresson on a Mind resolv'd.  
 Thy torturing Engines are triumphant Charlots,  
 Thy hottest Fires are Beds of Down and Roses  
 To us professors of the blessed Truth,  
 A *Christian* feels no Pain.

*Gal.* What Man is this?

*Her.* Nay, wonder not at me! There's not  
 (among us,

A Soul less resolute than *Scævola*,  
 Less brave than *Regulus*, or firm than *Cato*,  
 Our Wish, our Joy, our Glory is to die  
 In such a Cause, To seal with our Heart's Blood  
 Our Principles.— Need I yet tell thee more?  
 After what has been said, Thy own good Pleasure  
 May point thee out what Course thou lik'st to steer,  
 I sue not for thy Grace, or Anger fear.

S C E N E III.

*Galerius alone.*

*Gal.* How do I envy this poor, good, old Man!  
 How freely cou'd I now throw off the Purple,  
 And live retired within some lonely Grove  
 To be like him, so quiet, calm and easy,  
 So patient, inoffensive and resign'd,

To



To tast that Peace of Mind and sweet Content,  
That inward Satisfaction he enjoys,  
Free from all Care, and blest with my *Paulina* —  
— But 'tis too much ! —

S C E N E IV.

*Carus, Galerius.*

(my Emperor,  
*Car.* I'll venture to approach — All hail,  
How may the *Hermit* stand !

*Gal.* Ev'n as an Oak,  
That on some Mountain's Brow, thou hast beheld  
To all the Wood around, superior raise  
His tow'ring Head, when boist'rous Winds arise,  
And Storms impetuous make the Forest groan,  
With native Strength, deep riveted in Earth,  
He nods triumphant, and defies the Tempest.  
— Such is this Man, Rewards and Promises  
His Soul despises, and the Threats of Death  
Are nothing ! Lost and thrown away upon him.  
But, say, what Tydings ?

*Car.* O, my Emperor !  
It pains me to relate —

*Gal.* Torment me not  
Thus on the Rack — I'm for the worst prepar'd.

*Car.* Then thus it is, *Camilla* has reveal'd  
All to the Emperor, and demands the Life  
Of fair *Paulina*, to the Laws a Forfeit,  
Great *Diorlesian* rages, all the Court  
Is in Disorder, wild, licentious Rumours  
Spread thro' the City, Sorrow and Dismay  
Glare in each Look, and sadden ev'ry Brow,

The Empress and *Paulina* are confin'd,  
 Strong Guards are plac'd, and by the Emperor's  
*Paulina's* order'd to prepare for Death, (Signet  
 All Joy's quite fled, the Gladness of the Day  
 Is on the sudden hush'd, and veil'd in Mourning.

*Gal*, Horror and Death! *Camilla*! Whence  
 (cou'd she

Obtain the fatal Secret! — O Jealousy!  
 Infernal, haggard Fiend, Monster of Mischief!  
 How piercing are thy Eyes! And how revengeful,  
 Merciless and blood-thirsty is thy Heart!  
 Why do I loiter here! Haste thou — Draw out  
 Our Guards! Summon our Friends — Shall  
 (Rashness then  
 E'er sway the Soul of *Cesar*? — What if I  
 (try'd? — Then be it so.  
 This Way or that, spite of herself, I'll save her.

## SCENE V. The Palace.

*Soft MUSICK.*

*DIOCLESIAN* alone at a  
 Table in a melancholy Posture: Af-  
 ter the Musick he rises and comes  
 forward.

(loads me?  
*Dio*. What is this Weight of Care that over-  
 This strange, unusual Damp upon my Spirits?  
 And boding Horror that informs my Soul?  
 Can *Dioclesian* — Can a *Roman* fear?  
 Or is there ought on Earth that I shou'd dread?

Who

Who shou'd presume to censure me, or say  
 Thus hast thou done amiss! Or who shou'd dare  
 To limit, bound, or circumscribe my Will!  
 Or point what's right, what's wrong — I wou'd  
 (not bear,  
 Unless constrain'd, Control ev'n from a God.  
 — Have not I done my Duty! Sacrific'd  
 A Thousand and a Thousand different Ways  
 These *Christians*, my Tormentors, 'till their Gore  
 Ev'n overflows the Empire — Yet the regardless  
 (Detties,  
 As tho' the Victims were ungrateful to them,  
 Reject my Vows, frustrate and cross my Hopes,  
 Cause all the Mischiefs I design and aim  
 At others, to revert upon my self,  
 And still refuse to smile on my Endeavours.  
 — I'm all uneasy, restless and disturb'd.

S C E N E VI.

*Dioclesian, Galerius.*

*Dio.* I need not tell! The Tempest o'er your  
 (Brow  
 Denotes you're well appriz'd of our Disaster.

*Gal.* To my Surprise, Confusion, Grief of  
 (Soul,

I must confess, I am no Stranger to  
 The Crime of which *Paulina* stands accus'd,  
 Heav'n knows I pity —

*Dio.* Say, You love her, *Cesar*?  
 Still love th' apostate Sorceress, this *Paulina*,  
 Spite of the Outrage and Impiety

Offer'd

Offer'd our Gods, and Insolence to us,  
You love her, Still adore her!

*Gal.* Shou'd the Gods,

(her

Th' Immortal Gods command, I cou'd not hate

*Dio.* I grieve to see a Woman's soft Enchant

(ments

Work such Effects upon a *Roman* Soul.

*Gal.* O, bid the dreadful Sword of Vengeance

(stay!

O, spare the Wounds that Persecution brings!  
The fatal Wounds our groaning Country feels!  
Enough of Blood, of *Roman* Blood has flow'd  
On this Occasion, shou'd we still persist  
To let out more, The State shall be so weak,  
As not t'endure the desperate Operation,  
And our Mistaken, over-zealous Care  
Shall quite destroy the Empire we wou'd save.  
Grant, that these *Christians* irritate our Gods,  
On their own Heads be that, To us they bear  
Faithful Obedience, Truth and right-good Will.  
This rigorous Usage more and more inflames  
Their Zeal, and hardens them against Conviction,  
Let us rebate the Fierceness of the Laws,  
And give them Time to breathe, Thus, of itself,  
The fond Illusion that misleads their Minds,  
Shall wear off by Degrees, and they return  
Into the beaten Path, from whence they stray'd.

*Dio.* These are unpolitic, unweigh'd Sugge-  
(stions,

Dishonourable to the Gods of *Rome*,

And most unsafe and dangerous to the State.

Nor can I yield Consent, or will comply

(sels,

With such cool Methods and unwholsome Coun-

*Gal.*



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*Gal.* Let Clemency take Place, and let *Paulina*  
Be our first blessed Object of Compassion—

[*Maximus enters to them hastily.*

*Max.* Long live our Emperors! The News I  
Is most unlucky. (bring

*Dio.* Ha! Explain thy self! (*stian* Sect,

*Max.* With such dire Wrath, against the *Chri-*  
The Priests and Augurs have inflam'd the People,  
That now before the Capitol they swarm,  
And all in Crouds tumultuously assemble.

*Dio.* Keep a strict Watch, See that our Guards  
(be doubled,  
And let *Paulina* be conducted forth. — [Exit  
*Max.*

[*To Galerius.*

Behold an Instance of the numerous Ills  
Daily produc'd thro' this accursed Crew,  
Outrage and Mischief, Clamour and Confusion  
Fill every Street in *Rome*! *Paulina* dies!  
A terrible Example she affords  
Of Disobedience to our antient Gods,  
And opens to the rest the Field of Blood,  
Then each damn'd *Christian* Wretch within the  
(Walls  
Of *Rome*, shall perish quick in sulph'rous Flames,  
Or ling'ring in more feeling Pains a while  
Unpitied howl, Then plunge at once to Hell,  
Before the Sun, descending to the West,  
Has in the purple Bosom of the Deep,  
Thrice cool'd his fiery Steeds, But, lo, she comes,

[*Paulina brought in guarded.*

Th' Apostate comes. *Caesar*, You are her Lover,  
Her Judge too I appoint You, Well regard  
Your

Your Oath and mine, the Empire lies at Stake,  
 The universal Voice, The Voice of *Rome*,  
 And of *Rome's* Gods, cries out aloud for Ven-  
 (geance.

## S C E N E VII.

*Galerius, Paulina.*

*Pau.* This was a sudden, unexpected Stroke!  
 It must be born, *Cesar*, I wait my Doom.

*Gal.* O, my *Paulina*, can I see thee thus,  
 And think I am a Man! The Snares of Death  
 Are drawing o'er thee, and the King of Terrors  
 Impatient waits to seize his lovely Prey,  
 And lock thy Charms within his Icy Bosom  
 For ever, and for ever, will the Tyrant  
 Relent and give thee back, hear my sad Voice,  
 Or pity my Complaints when thou art gone!

*Pau.* My Soul's just on the Wing to take its  
 (Flight,  
 Why wo't thou lure it back with thy soft Wall-

*Gal.* Are these our Bridals! These the nuptial  
 (ings)  
 By *Rome*, The World prepar'd! Base flatt'ring  
 (Joys)  
 (World!  
 False are thy Promises, thy Hopes deceitful!

*Pau.* Then let us think no more on't! I am  
 (summon'd  
 Into a better State, beyond the Limits  
 And dark Dominion of the Grave itself,  
 Out of the Reach and Fear of Fortune's Frowns,

Into

Into a State, where the glad Soul enlarg'd,  
Freed from the cumb'rous Burthen of its Clay,  
In Worlds of endless Joys, unmixt and pure,  
Shall live and reign securely and triumphant,  
Nor taste of Grief, or feel Affliction more.

*Gal.* When Nature warns, and sad Mortality  
Claims our Obedience, to the Laws of Fate,  
We must submit, 'Twou'd then be Time enough  
To steel our Hearts against the Fear of Death,  
And cheer our Minds with brighter, future Pro-  
(spect,

To take the Lot assign'd, and quit the Stage  
In Hope, without Reluctance or repining.

*Pau.* My Faith is fix'd, I only come to die.

*Gal.* Whence shou'd this weary Hate of Life  
(proceed?

This reaching after Death! To be cut off,  
Like a fair Flower, by an untimely Fate  
In the sweet Spring and op'ning Bloom of Life!  
Why wo't thou fly the soft Delights and Joys,  
That spread their Charms and Pleasures all around  
(thee!

Does not all Bliss on Earth thy Soul can form,  
Court and attend thee! An Imperial Crown,  
The Sceptre of the World waits thy Acceptance!  
All Grandeur, Glory, Majesty and Pomp  
T' enhance thy Charms, plac'd in the brightest  
(View

And fairest Point of Light! O, turn thy Eyes!  
Look down, and see assembled Nations croud,  
To pay their willing Homage at thy Feet!  
To hang and gaze transported on thy Charms!  
Or snatch a View, and bless thy wond'rous Beau-  
(ties!

K

While

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While their glad Bosoms with tumultuous Joy  
Expanding swell, too strong to be compress'd!  
And thy lov'd Name, repeated from each Tongue,  
Beats with applauding Shouts the Arch of Heav'n.

*Pau.* Empty and frail is the vain Happiness,  
And worthless are the Glories thou hast nam'd,  
Compar'd to what my ardent Soul thirsts after,  
And is entitled to, in that blest Cause  
For which I die to Day, and trust me, *Cesar*,  
No other worldly Care affects my Heart,  
But Grief to part, for ever part with thee!  
To think the only Man I lov'd on Earth,  
Invelop'd in a Gloom of dangerous Errors,  
Left in a dark, uncertain State behind me!

*Gal.* Amazement fills my Soul, and turns me all  
Into Attention, Wonder and Surprize,  
My Heart's alarm'd, almost forgets to beat!  
My Blood ebbs back! And every Passion's hush'd  
To hear thee talk! And somewhat whispers me,  
The Voice I list'ning bend to is not Mortal!

[*Dioclesian enters observing them,  
and Guards.*]

*Pau.* Well may'st thou wonder at my Resolu-  
This fix'd Contempt of Life and all its Joys,  
This panting for a Change and future State,  
In one of my soft Sex and tender Youth,  
But if thou art, may Heav'n now hear my Prayer!  
O, *Cesar*, If thou ever art ordain'd  
To tread the Thorny Vale that leads to Life,  
And taste the bitter Cup that I must soon,  
Then wilt thou feel what I do now, Exult  
With Ravishment unutterable, despise  
This abject Earth, and triumph o'er the Grave.

*Gal.*



*Gal.* Down from the glit'ring starry Orbs you  
(Rule,

Descend ye, Heav'nly Powers! O take full View  
Of this most perfect Pattern of your selves,  
And ble'ss the wond'rous Excellence you've  
(form'd!

O teach me what I am, or what I shou'd be,  
To be as thou wou'd'st have me!

*Pau.* Be a *Christian*.

*Gal.* Almost I am.

*Pau.* O joyful, blessed Sounds!

O be so, be so, quite! Go on! Compleat——

S C E N E VIII.

*Dioclesian, Galerius, Paulina.*

*Dio.* Furies! Confusion! Horror! Do I hear

[*Advancing.*

These Words and still delay! Guards bear her  
(hence,

And straitway do your Office!

*Gal.* O, forbear!

Touch not her Beauties with your barbarous  
On Peril of your Lives! (Hands,

*Dio.* Ha! What are thou?

The Man to whom ev'n now I gave a Diadem,  
That brav'd me to my Face already?

*Gal.* Yes!

I am *Galerius Caesar*, I disdain

Thee and thy Gift, Go, Take the Trifle back!

And mark me, Emperor, I renounce thy Laws!

The barbarous Task thou wou'd'st impose upon me.

*Dio.* Take heed, Ungrateful Man!

*Gal.* Why woud'st thou urge me? (end?)

*Pau.* Alas, for Pity's Sake! How shou'd this  
[Interposing.]

*Gal.* Stand off my Fellow Soldiers! Know your  
(Duty!

[Guards gather about  
Galerius.]

*Dio.* I've gone too far, I wou'd not at this Time  
Provoke him more! Our Guards incline towards  
(him. [Aside.]

—Thy desperate Talk and wild, unruly Passion,  
That Object being present, I regard not,  
Still wilt thou doat upon a Woman Idol?  
Incur the dreadful Anger of the Gods,  
And risque thy own Destruction for her Beauties!  
Then take thy Lot, let here our Difference cease,  
And to the Senate be her Cause referr'd,  
The Fathers cool Debates and Counsels shall  
Best penetrate into, and thoroughly weigh,  
The Consequence and Nature of her Crime,  
And may the Judgment they shall pass thereon  
By us stand fix'd and ratify'd, and thus  
Determine our Contention and her Fate.

*Gal.* Agreed! And may Dishonour be the  
(Doom  
Of him that shall infringe, or break the League.

*Dio.* Mean while 'tis requisite our Guards con-  
(duct,

And safely wait her to a fit Apartment,  
To shield her from the Fury of the People. —  
The Gods, perhaps, may change her Heart or mine.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

*Galerius, Paulina.*

*Gal.* O, my *Paulina*, Is it given me then  
Once more to call thee mine? Once more to see  
(thee  
Restor'd to Love! To Life and thy *Galerius*.

*Pau.* Vain flatt'ring Thought, Alas, I'm still  
(the Victim!  
Nought but my Blood will quench their wrathful  
(Thirst!  
May Heav'n forgive the Hands by whom 'tis spilt,  
May it in Judgment never rise against them.

*Gal.* Cease, longer to indulge in ominous Fears  
Thy melancholy Thoughts! — Is not thy Cause  
Referr'd? The Fathers are my Friends, they know  
Thy injur'd Innocence, and spotless Virtue,  
And all the Wrong that's done thee, shou'd they  
(fail,

Do not I wear this Sword in thy Defence,  
Thou art my All, and ever I'll protect thee.

*Pau.* Alas, thou little know'st what Snares are  
(laid,  
To snatch me from the World at once unseen,  
What Mischief is at work, What Arts there may be,  
To shade, to hide me from thy Eyes for ever!

*Gal.* Thy mournful Words have wak'd a  
(dreadful Thought  
That flashes on my Soul impetuous Flames  
Of glaring Light! Alarms, and seems to warn me  
Not to be too secure! — We must not part!  
Grow

Grow to my Heart, thou soft, delicious Creature!  
Thou dearest, charming Fair! We must not

*Paul.* We must! And soon! O, *Cesar*, now  
(part ———  
(my Heart

Begins to feel, what it ne'er felt before ———  
O succour me! ——— Pronounce the Doom thou

The Doom of Death! ——— O save me from this  
(shoud'st ———  
(Softness)

Or I am lost to Heav'n in finding thee! ———  
Support me! ——— Oh! this Pang, this parting  
(Pang)

It tugs! ——— It rends my Heart! 'Tis over ———  
(Oh)

'Tis past, and I must speak that killing Word,  
Farewel ——— I cannot more ——— Farewel ———  
(for ever!

## S C E N E X.

*Galerius alone* [After a Pause.

*Gal.* Like the soft Whispers of an Evening  
(Breeze,

That sighing murmur thro' the leafy Grove,  
Did not these Words fall from her trembling  
(Lips,

Farewel! ——— Farewel! ——— For ever! ———  
(O *Paulina* —

But she is gone ——— O, shoud this be the last  
Farewel, indeed, it must not ——— cannot ——— shall  
(not ———  
Gods!



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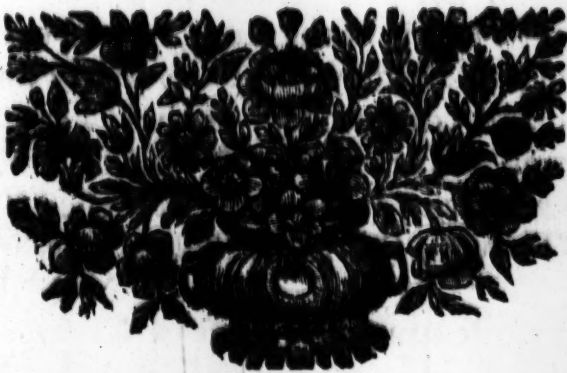
Gods ! Who shou'd dare ? --- My Mind's disturb'd ---

(I'm weary  
Of Thought ! Of Doubt and tedious Expectation !  
I'll hence explore and prove the Truth : --- Ye

(Powers !

That on Mankind all Blessings here bestow,  
To whom this Empire of the World I owe,  
Add to the glorious Prize *Paulina's* Charms,  
And safely lodge her Beauties in my Arms,  
Or if, at last, you wou'd my Bliss restrain,  
Give me but her, and take your World again !

*End of Fourth Act.*



**A C T**



## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

*Dioclesian, Maximus.*

*Dio.* SAY hast thou spread the Rumour thro'  
 (the City  
 As our Commands enjoyn'd thee?

*Max.* Mighty Emperor!  
 With Care have I perform'd your sacred Orders,  
 In all the public Places of Resort  
 Declar'd, *Paulina* fully has renounc'd  
 The Errors of her Sect, and is return'd  
 To the true Worship of the Gods, with Fear,  
 Terror and pale Dismay, The *Christians* stand  
 Astonish'd and confounded, as they were  
 Struck dumb and senseless by a blast of Thunder,  
 While *Rome* o'erjoyd, applauds the blessed Change.

*Dio.* 'Tis well, this Feint shall give us Space to  
 (breath,  
 And for a while amuse the Rage of *Cesar*,  
 The violent Transports of whose amorous Flame  
 Deny Restraint, and scorn to be control'd,  
*Camilla's* Wit first started this Advice,  
 And, at her own Request, she is ordain'd  
 To execute our Sentence on her Rival,

Impla-

Implacable Revenge and burning Hate  
Engage her Soul, and make our Cause her own.

*Max.* The Thought was great and worthy of  
(the Princess.

The Prey's now in the Toils, and won't escape us.

*Dio.* She cannot, By our Order she's remov'd  
In Stealth already, from her first Apartment,  
Into the Temple of the Goddess *Vesta*,  
Contiguous to this Quarter of the Palace,  
Unknown to all, but to the Priests, my self,  
And those whom we intend to share the Secret;

— But, say, how bears the Empress her Con-  
(finement ?

*Max.* Ev'n with the gentlest Meekness ! Since  
(that Time,

In sober, solemn Weeds array'd she employs  
Each tedious live-long Day, in her Devotions,  
With such Religious Fervency and Zeal  
As if each Moment were to be her last,  
And often, O, cries she ! Why shou'd my Fate  
Unkindly be protracted and delay'd ?  
As if Life were a Toy of no Esteem  
Or painful in Possession.

*Dio.* Monstrous Frenzy !  
What Dæmon is abroad ? What Fury spreads  
Her baleful Wings, and as it's evil Genius  
Broods low'ring o'er my Court ? Portending Mis-  
(chief !

Infusing desperate Madness and Distraction  
Into each Female Breast.

*Max.* This Sorceress, this *Paulina*,  
This beauteous Snake she foster'd in her Bosom,  
First shed, I fear, these Drops of *Christian* Poison  
Upon my Royal Mistress.

†

*Dio.*

*Dio.* Right thou judgest!  
 And first she surely dies — I hear a Tread! —  
 Lest *Cæsar* shou'd return, enrag'd to find  
 His Idol vanish'd, Hast thou to *Camilla*,  
 Attend our Will, and wait our farther Orders.

## S C E N E II.

*Galerius, Dioclesian.*

*Gal.* Am I the Shadow of an Emperor only?  
 Or with Impunity, say, who shall dare  
 To set at nought, and trample on our Power?

*Dio.* Why with this haughty, this imperious  
 (Air,  
 In such a threatening Tone are we accosted?

*Gal.* And can'st thou see me thus, and ask me  
 (Why)  
 Am not I mock'd insulted and abus'd,  
 Impos'd upon by thee? Lo, I demand  
 The strict and just Observance of thy Promise,  
 To stand to the Decision of the Senate,  
 And that *Paulina* may be forthwith brought  
 To answer to thy Charge at that Tribunal.

*Dio.* 'Tis well, young Man, shall *Dioclesian*  
 (then  
 Be taught the Arts of Government from thee,  
 Or learn his Duty from an amorous Boy?  
 Go to, Thou'rt ill advis'd! And, *Cæsar*, know  
*Paulina* is accountable to none,  
 But to the Gods and me. I scorn thy Anger!  
 True, on the Throne we've plac'd thee, next our  
 (self,  
 And



'And with th' Imperial Purple thou'rt invested,  
Know, yet the Power is mine, I guide the Helm,  
Control and rule each Motion of the State,  
And to thy sure Confusion, thou shalt feel,  
That *Dioclesian* is thy Emperor still.

*Gal.* 'Twill never do! She's wholly at his  
(Mercy——

I must submit, or die —— I'll sooth the Tyrant.

[*Aside.*

I come not here to talk of Power or Rank,  
Or controvert Affairs of Government,  
*Paulina*, O, she takes up all my Care,  
Possesses all my Soul, and leaves no Room  
For any other Thought to enter there!  
—— O *Dioclesian*, had'st thou ever prov'd  
The Force of Love, and felt its raging Smart,  
The Fears, the Doubts, the Grief, Despair and all  
The agonizing Softness I endure,  
Thou woud'st not sure rebuke me, but forgive  
The Starts and wild Disorders of my Soul,  
Gently condole with me, and mitigate  
The painful Torments of thy suffering Friend!

*Dio.* Say, what cou'd I effect, might bring thee  
(Ease.

*Gal.* O, lead me, guide, instruct me, where I  
(may

Once more be blest with my *Paulina's* Sight!

*Dio.* Her sudden Absence much alarms the  
(Court,

All we cou'd learn, was only, That our Guards  
At her own earnest Instance and Desire,  
Had to some Temple in Disguise convey'd her,

Where she, in private, Sacrifice might offer,  
To make Attonement for her former Crimes,  
And thus appease the Gods she has offended.

*Gal.* O, Tyrant ! Trifler ! Is it thus thou hop'st  
To blind, deceive me, and elude my Search ?  
O'urst Hypocrisie ! — But why do I  
Waste here these precious Moments ? If she be  
On Earth, and Heav'n has not yet claim'd her  
(Beauties,  
Not all thy Arts — Not all the Arts of Hell  
It self, nor all it's Powers and thine combin'd,  
Shall longer now with-hold her from my Arms,  
Or shield thee from the Wrath of my hot Ven-  
(geance!

## S C E N E III.

*Dioclesian, Camilla, Maximus.*

*Cam.* All's lost, — The Tide is turn'd, and  
(bears along  
Down it's strong swelling Stream the giddy  
(Croud,  
The Populace inflam'd declare against us.

*Max.* Insolence, Uproar and audacious Tumult  
Fill the large Forum, and the wider Circus,  
All shout *Galerius, Cesar and Paulina !*  
They threat to bend their March this Way, and  
(free  
The Empress, and from Outrage guard the *Chri-*  
*stians.*

*Die.*

*The ROMAN MAID.* 77

*Dio.* Presumptuous Slaves! But our Prætorian  
(Cohort

Full strongly posted, shall defend the Temple,  
Awe, and with Ease disperse the clamorous  
(Traytors.

*Cam.* But why do we delay? Let's fly! Prevent  
Their Purpose, and before they reach the Palace,  
Perform our Office, and dispatch the Sorcerers.

*Dio.* Lead on! I'll see this Business done my  
(self.

S C E N E IV.

*The Inside of the Temple of Vesta, with an Altar  
and her Image on a Pedestal.*

*Paulina, Lucilia.*

*Pau.* Cease thy Complaints, yet, yet, a little  
(Space,

And I shall be at Rest, freed from the Rage  
And future Malice of injurious Fate,—  
I'm pleas'd, altho, methinks, I seem to lie  
Upon the Sands, like a poor Ship-wreck'd Wretch,  
Environ'd with a Wilderness of Sea,  
Expos'd, forlorn and lingring, till some Wave,  
More kind, tho' more impetuous than the rest,  
Curls him within it's briny Folds, and hides  
Him and his Sorrows in it's friendly Bosom—  
And see my Doom approaches.

S C E N E

## S C E N E V.

*Paulina, Lucilia, Dioclesian, Maximus and Guards.*

*Dio.* If thou canst,  
Now summon all thy *Christian* Fortitude!  
Invoke thy Prophets now! Try, if they can  
Assist thee to break thro' the Toils of Death,  
That fast entangle and are twin'd about thee,  
Appear thou just Avenger of the Gods  
Of *Rome* and *Dioclesian*!

[*Camilla enters to them with a Dagger in one Hand and a Bowl of Poison in the other, attended by Two Priests: The Priests recieve the Bowl from her, and place it upon the Altar.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Dioclesian, Paulina, Camilla, Lucilia, Maximus, Guards and Priests.*

*Dio.* Now Prepare!  
Bring forth the *Christian* Slave! See all be done  
As strictly we enjoyn——

[*Two*



The ROMAN MAID.

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[Two Priests enter with a Knife and Bason  
us'd in the Sacrifices, leading in be-  
twixt them bound, a Christian, drest in  
White, and crown'd with a Garland of  
Flowers and holy Fillets.]

*Pau.* Ye Guardian Powers!

That view a while with merciful Forbearance,  
The cruel Deeds and wicked Ways of Man,  
Aid me this dreadful Moment! If I must,  
Behold the bloody Purpose of the Tyrant!

[The Priests place the Christian  
before the Altar.]

[Paulinus enters on the farther Part  
of the Stage.]

S C E N E VII.

*Dioclesian, Paulinus, Camilla, Maximus,  
Paulina, Lucilia, &c.*

*Dio.* Ha! What art thou? Can what I see be  
(real?)

Or some vain Mimic-Phantom drest in Air  
Sent to illude and mock our Senses, Say,  
Art thou *Paulinus*?

*Paul.* I am — Your faithful Soldier.

*Dio.* How cou'd'st thou, durst thou disobey our  
Wherefore hast thou return'd? (Orders?)

*Paul.* Upon the Road  
A Friend from Court o'ertook me, unexpected,  
By whom inform'd, *Paulina* had incur'd  
My Emperor's Hate, I ventur'd to transgress

So

So far, as hast'ning back with Speed, I might,  
Before it provd too late, obtain an Audience !  
Humbly imploring, from his Royal Lips  
To learn her Crime, the Cause of his Displeasure !

*Dio.* If this the Motive, I forgive thy Offence.

*Paul.* Thanks to my Emperor.

*Paul.* Alas my Father !

*Dio.* Lo, then, Behold thy Daughter ! If as such  
Thou dar'st yet own th' accurs'd Associate  
Of misbelieving Dogs, damn'd *Christian* Sorcerers,  
Apostate, cursed Wretches, bold Contemners  
Of us, and of our Gods.

*Paul.* Heav'n bear me Witness !  
With how much Joy I own the best of Daughters !  
How dear I prize her, and how much I glory  
In my *Paulina* ! [Embracing her.]

*Dio.* Ha, what art thou !

*Paul.* A *Christian* !

*Dio.* Damnation, Hell ! Dar'st thou ! —

[Laying his Hand on his Sword.]

— But why shou'd I ? —

Guards seize and instantly disarm the Traitor.

*Max.* Mischief arise, work swift and like thy  
(self !

Thou darling of my Heart, O, be propitious !

[Aside.]

*Dio.* Why what a mad, blind, stupid Wretch  
(was I,

To trust my Legions to a wicked *Christian* ?

*Paul.* Longer thou need'st not, gladly I resign  
My late Command, my Offices and Post,  
The righteous Power whom I adore, The gracious  
Sole Author of all Being, bids me only  
Serve and confide in him,

*Dio.*

*Dio.* I'll give thee soon  
Full Cause to prove his Friendship.

*Paul.* O, my Daughter,  
Can'st thou forgive the Rashness of thy Father,  
Th' Occasion of thy Sufferings!

*Paul.* Alas, my Father!  
How do I blush to hear you call that Rashness,  
Which has been long our Duty, Let us go on!  
Stand forth our'selves, undaunted, and defy  
Their Gods and them, their pageant Gods, The  
(Work  
Of their own Hands, tear down their implous  
(Altars,  
And under Foot trample with Scorn their Idols.

*Dio.* Audacious Sorceress! This to our Face!  
Bring forth the Tortures!

*Paul.* O, a While, Forbear!  
By my past Services If e'er I have  
Deserv'd ought at your Hands, Omit, I beg,  
To torture my *Paulina*, Spite of all  
My Resolution, I must own, I feel  
A Parent's Fondness busy at my Heart,  
Have Pity on her soft her Virgin Youth!  
Her Life I ask not, That I know is forfeit  
To your blood-thirsty Laws, I only crave,  
That in her Death you wou'd be merciful!

*Dio.* Thou Traytor to thy Gods and *Dioclesian*!  
Dar'st thou conceive a Hope, that I shou'd listen  
To ought by thee requested? Impious Slave!  
Take back thy Suit, and know she surely dies  
The worst of Deaths, stretch'd naked on a Wheel,  
Expos'd a publick Spectacle to all,  
With Iron Rods her Body shall be scourg'd,  
Till blister'd o'er, and flay'd from Head to Foot,

M

Then

Then shall her Flesh be rent away at once  
 With burning Pincers, that her Heart may beat  
 To thy broad View, and pant in open Day.  
 Haste, call in our Tormentors.

*Paul.* O, my Child!

Now I begin to feel, indeed, how close  
 Thou'rt wrapt about my Heart! How dear thou'rt  
 (to me!

Distracting Thoughts, tumultuous and confus'd  
 Break in at once upon me! overwhelm me!  
 And murder quite my former Peace of Mind,  
 My Passions all revolting rise in Arms,  
 Fear, Pity, Fondness, Terror, Grief and Rage,  
 A formidable and resistless Band!  
 Consisting War together in my Bosom,  
 O, savage, flinty Emperor!

[*Executioners enter with Instruments  
 of Torture, seize and prepare to  
 bind Paulina.*]

*Dio.* Art thou then shock'd at last, and have I  
 A Way to make thee bend? (found

*Paul.* Indeed, thou hast!

I can no more! I sink! Confess my Weakness,  
 Unable to sustain this pond'rous Stroke,  
 That bears down all my Courage at a Blow,  
 I yield obedient to the Force of Nature, (me,  
 That calls, that works, and struggles hard within  
 That to the Quick strikes on each trembling Nerve,  
 And pulls the tend'rest Fibres at my Heart,  
 O, art thou not my Child? My only Joy?  
 My only Comfort? Can I bear to see thee  
 Gash'd! Mangled! — Torn! — What Mother  
 (ever felt

More



More pungent Agonies than I do now!  
Alas, my Daughter! Oh! my poor *Paulina*!

[*Wiping his Eyes.*]

*Paul.* Why faint! Why mourn! Why droop  
(you thus, my Father!

Recal your wonted Fortitude of Soul!

Let not a Thought of what may me betide  
Afflict your Heart, Our persecuted Friends  
Alone require our Tears, If Heav'n ordains,  
I shou'd thus suffer Death, Heav'n will support me,  
With Patience, Strength and Courage to undergo it.

*Paul.* O, Tyrant ——— Emperor! ——— What  
(should I call thee!

What shou'd I say might work Effect upon thee!----  
Since nothing ever can, O, then, vouchsafe  
To spare my aged Eyes the dreadful Sight!  
Postpone her Fate! Let me first undergo,  
And try the Force of thy tremendous Tortures,  
Let thy grim, frightful Ministers of Wrath  
Employ their Art on me!

*Dio.* I grant thy Suit.

Prepare the Rack, bring forth the Chains and  
Each cruel, horrid Instrument of Death, (Knives,  
Try all your newest Tortures! Let him prove  
The fiercest, keenest Pangs the Wit of Priests  
E'er cou'd invent, or Malice wou'd inflict.

*Paul.* Mark me, then, Emperor! For nought  
(must I

In this dread, solemn Hour of Fate conceal,  
I have! — O, Grief of Heart how are my Bowels  
Distracted in the Tenderneſs I bear  
Toward my Children — O, the strong Ties of  
I have two Victims more, two Innocent (Nature!  
Poor harmless *Christians*, That ne'er did wrong,

Or ever gave Offence, Since so it must be,  
To offer to thy Rage, That thus thou may'st  
Take thy full Glut of Wrath and Cruelty,  
And feast thy Eyes with Blood.

[Enter an Officer leading in Two  
little Children.]

These are my Sons,  
Born at one Birth, All gracious Heav'n's last Gift  
To my declining Age. Their dying Mother,—  
Alas, they never knew they had a Mother!  
The tend'rest Mother and the fondest Wife——  
That dear, dear Name double-fold renews my  
(Anguish

And my Heart bleeds afresh! [Weeping.]

Ev'n she at *Antioch*——  
From her own Bosom, on the Bed of Sickness,  
Gave to my Arms these little Ones, with this  
(Charge,

If e'er, says she, it be thy Lot, *Paulinus*,  
Back to return to *Rome*, by all the Joys,  
By all the Grievs we have together born,  
Each various Chance of Life! Let these our Babes,  
In the true Precepts of our blessed Faith,  
Be nurtur'd and well-grounded I conjure thee!  
Or should'st thou fall thy self a Sacrifice  
To persecuting Wrath, O, rather, far,  
Rather than see them left behind, expos'd,  
Fatherless, friendless, desolate, forlorn,  
To be instructed, tutor'd, and brought up  
In blind Idolatry and *Pagan* Worship,  
O, let them share one Fate, and suffer with thee,  
Then with a Sigh expir'd, To that Intent,

Lo, have I brought them here, But cannot make  
The horrid, dire Request — Yet see, Alas,  
See with uplifted Hands, ev'n at thy Feet  
They seem themselves to beg it

[*The Children run to Dioclesian, and  
kneel, holding up their Hands  
at his Feet.*]

*Cam.* Most amazing!

*Dio.* Why chills my Blood? What means this  
(coward trembling

That seizes me all o'er and damps my Heart?  
Hell! What have I to do with Tenderness?  
Pity, Be gone! The Gods demand their Blood!  
Ha! What are these? — Or whence?

[*The Children fasten on his Robe.*

Tear hence these Brats —

These *Christian* Brats, Begin the Rites — Dis-  
(patch —

— Prepare, *Camilla*, soon to plunge thy Dagger  
Deep in thy Rival's Bosom and let out

Th' murm'ring Soul of the Apostate Sorceress  
A just Attonement to thy injur'd Love.

[*Ghost rises.*

*Cam.* Horror and Death what's that? A Ghost!  
(It frowns

The Ghost of *Publius* the martyr'd Consul.

*Dio.* A Ghost, said'st thou? — I nothing see!

*Max.* Nor I.

*Cam.* Look here! 'Tis here! 'Tis here! O,  
(hide me! Save me!

*Dio.* Damnation, sure thou rav'st! Thy Shadow  
(frights thee?

——A Ghost! ——A Devil! ——Stand not thou  
(trembling there!  
If thou fear'st ought, Avaunt!

*Cam.* I dare not stay. [*She throws away the  
Dagger and runs out.*] Ghost sinks.  
(Slave!

*Dio.* Open the Throat of that vile *Christian*  
[*To the Priests*  
Draw forth his Blood, which mingled with the  
(Poison,  
Now in the Bowl, first force the Enchantress drink,  
And quench her blazing, new, religious Zeal  
In Draughts of Gore, Of *Christian* Gore itself.

*As the Priests advance towards the Altar  
and prepare to sacrifice the Chri-  
stian, the Stage darkens on a sudden.*

[*Thunder and Lightning,*

[*The Priests retire aside.*

Hell! Do, you Loiter, Slaves? Vile Cowards,  
(Miscreants!

What shall a common Noise a Stroke of Thunder  
Dismay you thus, Appal your Dastard Souls?

——Why move ye not, t' obey our great Com-  
(mands?

*1 Priest.* The Gods are angry, and the Omen's  
(fatal.

[*Thunder and Lightning again.*

[*The Statue of Vesta is seen to tremble  
on it's Pedestal, then falls sud-  
denly to the Ground.*]

[*After*



[*After a Pause.*]

**Dio** Astonishing! Since then the timerous Gods  
Deny ev'n their own Cause, why shou'd I strive  
Longer in vain to vindicate and guard it,  
Or to protect their Altars undertake,  
When they themselves abandon and forsake them.

[*Thunder again, clashing of Arms  
and shouting heard without.*]

*A Priest enters hastily.* [Trumpets.

2 *Priest.* Hence, Ye Prophane! O quit these  
(sacred Walls!  
The Temple Gates are forc'd, Your Guards re-  
(volved  
Have freed the Empress, and the rest give Way  
Before *Galerius Caesar* and his Party,  
That now with furious Threats prepare to search  
Each Corner of the Temple.

**Dio.** Fly! Disperse!  
Each to a separate Quarter, while, with *Paulinus*,  
I stand the Storm and face these bold Intruders.

[*Dioclesian and Paulinus go out on one  
Side of the Stage, Paulina, Lu-  
cilia, with the Children and Maxi-  
mus on the other Side confus'dly.*]

[Trumpets sound a Retreat.]

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

S C E N E *changes to another Part of the Temple.*

*Galerius, Carus, Guards, &c.*

*Gal.* Thanks to the Zeal and Courage of our  
(Friends,  
We gain'd an easy and a quick Admittance.

*Car.* Nor did the ratling Storm that seem'd to  
(shake  
The Thund'ring Poles little befriend our Purpose.

[*Enter to them Dioclesian and Paulinus.*

## S C E N E IX.

*Dioclesian, Paulinus, Galerius, Carus, Guards.*

*Dio. Caesar,* dismiss your Guards, I yield my self  
An Hostage, all you may demand is granted,  
The Empire of the World I here resign,

[*Throwing of his Laurel.*

And give up your *Paulina*——Take Possession  
Of all your Soul can wish, Tir'd with the Toils,  
Ev'n quite o'erpow'rd with the Fatigues of State,  
I now renounce, and abdicate the Empire,  
And own the *Christians* and their Gods my  
(Conquerors,

— I only ask a Safeguard to *Salona*,  
That where I drew my Infant Breath, I may  
Obtain a quiet Tomb.

[*Enter to them Serena and Camilla.*

S C E N E X.

*Serena, Dioclesian, Paulinus, Galerius, Carus,  
Camilla, Guards, &c.*

*Ser.* O, *Dioclesian*,  
Unhappy Emperor, Now behold the vain,  
Vain, fruitless Efforts of Tyrannic Rage,  
Of persecuting Violence and Wrath,  
That furious Zeal, That urg'd thee to destroy  
Spite of the Will of Heav'n, it's fav'rite People,  
Thou know'st I am a *Christian*, and *Camilla*  
Convinc'd what has alarm'd, and wak'd her Soul,  
And terrify'd with Horror and Remorse,  
Declares her self the same.

[*Lucilla enters hastily weeping.*

*Luc.* O, woful Day !

*Ser.* Alas, what new Distress ! What sad Di-

(*faster* !

*Gal.* I dare not ask, I fear — O, my *Paulina* !

*Luc.* She's wounded, dying !

*Gal.* Mortal, killing Sounds !

Haste, let us fly !

*Pau.* Alas, Alas, my Daughter !

N S C E N E

## S C E N E XI.

*Dioclesian, Serena, Camilla, Carus, Lucilia,  
Guards, &c.*

*Luc.* In the wild Uproar of the late Confusion,  
We found Means to escape the fatal Temple,  
Among the rest, and to our own Apartments,  
In Fear and Haste guided our trembling Steps,  
When the curs'd Monster *Maximus* o'ertook us,  
And cry'd, Shalt thou, shalt thou escape at last,  
Damn'd *Christian* Traitress! Cause of all this  
(*Mischief!*)

This said, he smote *Paulina* with a Dagger,  
And fled, but soon the Guards alarm'd, secur'd him.

[*Guards enter with Maximus.*

*Car.* Behold the Villain!

*Dio.* What cou'd urge thee to  
Rashly commit this Deed?

*Max.* Thy own Example!  
The Service of the Gods! That did require  
Her Blood, but most the meritorious Pride  
Of greatly daring to destroy my self  
The *Christian* Sorceress! I struck that Blow  
Because she was a *Christian*.

*Dio.*



*Dio.* Durst thou do it  
Without our Orders, Traitor! Drag him hence!  
Let him be tortur'd, rack'd! His Skin torn off!  
But not too hasty! Let him ling'ring roar  
Out his black Soul in agonizing Pangs,  
Feel himself dying, and tast Death in Death.

**S C E N E** *the last.* — *Paulina's Apartments.*

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Paulina  
in a Chair wounded, and by her  
Galerius, Paulinus, the Two Children  
and Attendants.*]

**S C E N E XII.**

*Paulina, Galerius, Dioclesian, Serena, Paulinus,  
Camilla, Lucilla, Carus, Guards and Atten-  
dants,*

*Ser.* O, dismal Sight!

*Gal.* O, my poor, bleeding Dear!

*Ser.* Is there no Help?

*Pau.* 'Tis all, 'tis all in vain! (thee——

*Paul.* Alas, wou'd I had dy'd for thee, to save  
My dearest Child! ——— *Paulina!* ———

*Pau.* O, my Father!

Grieve not, or mourn for me, for I shall soon  
Be happy, in a Mansion, where the Wicked

Can hurt no more, and where the Weary rest,  
 —O let me lay my Head! Ease me a while!  
 For I am sick to Death!

*Gal.* Lift up thy Eyes  
 Thy lovely Eyes! Talk not of Death!

*Pau.* Ah! *Cæsar*! ———  
 But I will once more lift my dying Eyes  
 To look on thee! To breath my parting Soul  
 In thy dear Arms! For I am going soon.——

*Gal.* Alas, my Love!

*Pau.* One Boon I have to ask,  
 One only Boon of thee! For thou art good  
 And kind and pityful! ——— When I am gone,  
 O, spare my Injur'd, persecuted Friends!  
 O, *Cæsar*, stay this Stream of *Christian* Blood!  
 O, spare thy bleeding Country! Spare its Sons!  
 And be a Father, and a Friend to *Rome*!  
 I beg thee by our Loves! ——— Say, Dost thou  
*Gal.* I do, my Soul! (promise?)

*Pau.* Then, I am satisfy'd.  
 And we may meet hereafter, — O, Farewel! —  
 —My Love! — I faint! — O stay me not! —  
 (Farewel! [*Dies.*])

*Car.* There fled the roste Breath

*Gal.* Assist me! Oh ——— [*Swoons.*]

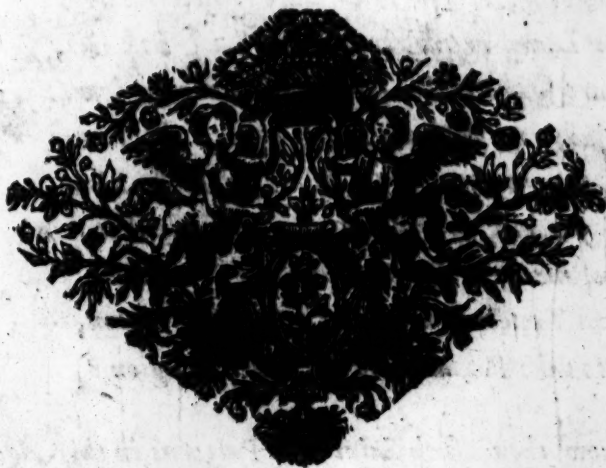
*Car.* In that sweet Sigh, expir'd the softest Soul  
 That ever animated Angel's Form,  
 But she sleeps happy now, and to full Bliss  
 Shall wake, when Universal Nature shall  
 Decay, when Earth and Seas shall be no more!  
 When the Sun's Fires go out! and the whole World  
 Shall sink at last, and molder into Atoms!

*Taught*

*Taught by the suffering Saint, may all despise  
Both transient Ills, and momentary Joys,  
The Charms of Love, th' Allurements of a Crown,  
The Pains of Death and the stern Tyrant's Frown,  
To assert the Cause of Truth, without Dismay,  
The glorious Cause, for which she bleeds to Day.*



THE END.



EPI



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MOFFETT.

**R**ESTOR'D to Life! I come, sweet Sirs again,  
To undeceive, and put you out of Pain;  
To Beaus, whose Foreheads with such killing Charms,  
The waving, Horse-Hair Curl resistless Arms!  
Whose Learning mostly in Your Snuff-Box lies,  
And are so pretty! — In your own dear Eyes!  
Who judge no Woman Proof against the Power  
Of Love, warm press'd in a kind-lucky Hour,  
Were you not fear'd out of your little Wit,  
To see me seiz'd with such a Pious Fit?  
Did not You construe me an Errant Widgeon,  
Thus to take Pet and die for one's Religion?

Know then, such Saint-like Patterns in this Age,  
Our Sex can boast! A while, upon the Stage,  
An Hour or so, perhaps, we're wondrous good,  
Then, To the Right about! — Frail Flesh and Blood!

As for our Roman Maid's Behaviour here,  
Was not it wond'rous Novel, Odd and Queer?

Just



## EPILOGUE.

*Just in the Nick! — When, Ah! The Hour drew nigh,  
To prove the long, long-wish'd for, coming Joy!  
When both the Bridegroom and the Parson staid,  
To feel a Qualm! And chuse to die a Maid!  
O, strange! But I'll not vouch the Story true,  
Ye, Covent-Garden Damsels, what think You?*

*Well, If in Rome such silly Nymphs were shewn,  
Thanks to my Stars! We're wiser in this Town!  
Our coy, fair Saints may long to taste the Charms  
Of dying! But 'tis in a Lover's Arms!  
And Dames demure, for awful Conduct fam'd,  
In the grave List of Prudes, with Reverence nam'd,  
Still hold it best, to whom such Lots are giv'n,  
To stay behind themselves, and send their Dears to Heav'n.*

*[Making Horns with her Hands:*

*Take heed, Ye Lords and Masters, then beware  
In this wild Nation how You treat the Fair.  
In vain You rave and hold a senseless Chat  
Of Whig and Tory, and the Lord knows what,  
Lay by Your Politicks, and mend Your Lives,  
For Passive Husbands may have Active Wives.*



# UNION

THE UNION OF THE  
FREE AND INDEPENDENT  
PEOPLES OF THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND OF THE  
PEOPLES OF THE  
SEVERAL STATES  
AND TERRITORIES  
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